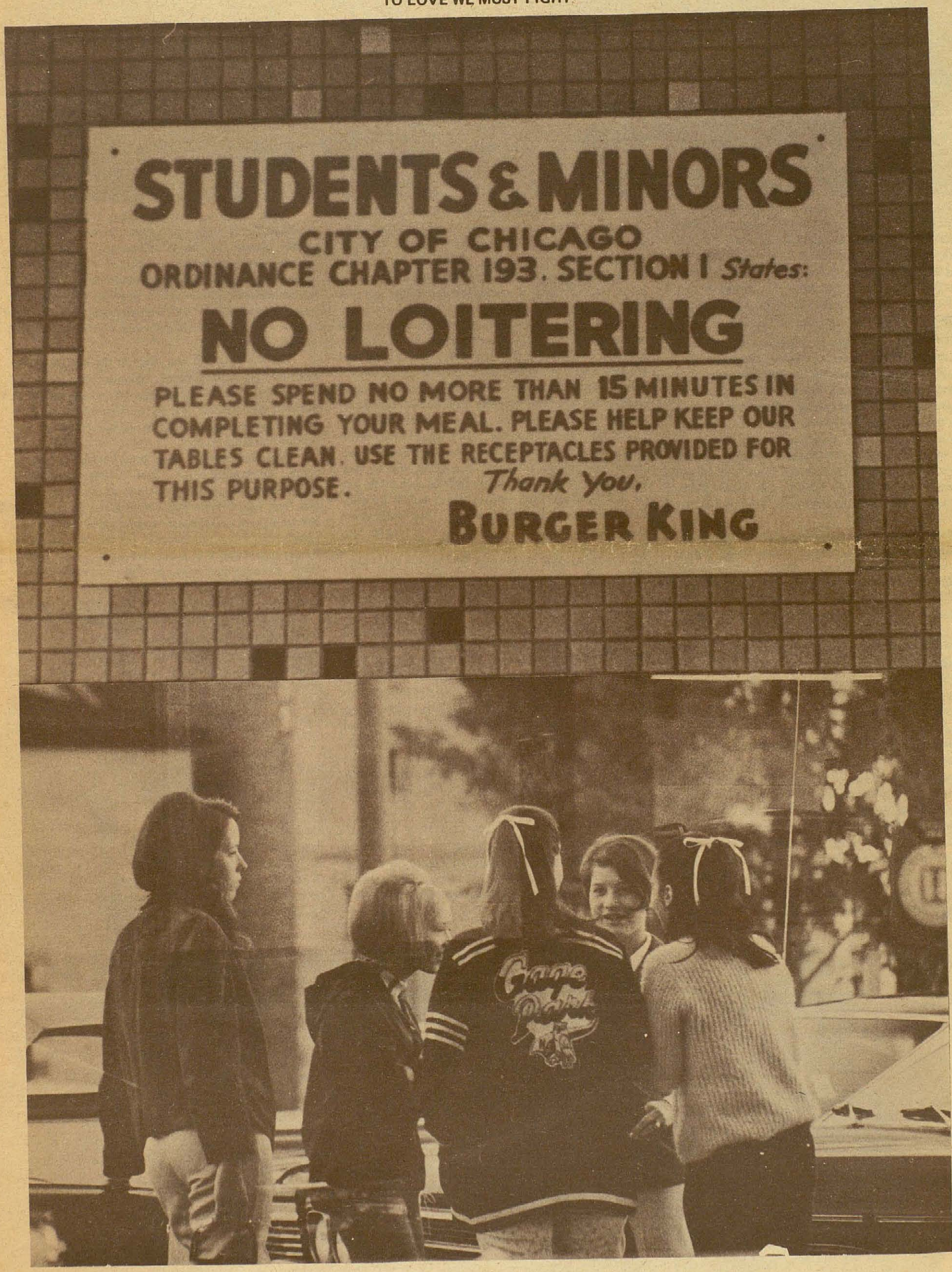
RISING UP ANGRY

25 cents VOL. I, No. 2

AUGUST, 1969

TO LOVE WE MUST FIGHT


STUDENTS & MINORS
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ORDINANCE CHAPTER 193. SECTION 1 States:
NO LOITERING
PLEASE SPEND NO MORE THAN 15 MINUTES IN COMPLETING YOUR MEAL. PLEASE HELP KEEP OUR TABLES CLEAN. USE THE RECEPTACLES PROVIDED FOR THIS PURPOSE.
Thank You,
BURGER KING

TOO MANY OF THE BROTHERS HAVE A WHOLE LOT OF TROUBLE ABOUT HOW THEY RELATE TO THE SISTERS AND A LOT OF SISTERS AREN'T RELATING VERY WELL TO THE BROTHERS. WE HAVE TO WORK THIS SHIT OUT, BECAUSE IT'S MESSING US UP; IT'S MESSING UP THE MEN, IT'S MESSING UP THE WOMEN, AND IT'S MESSING UP THE BUILDING OF THE REVOLUTION. SO LET'S GET INTO IT.

Too often, when those of us who are hip to the spirit of the revolution come together as one, there are a whole lot more men than women. There are reasons for this, and sometimes we talk about it. Some of the brothers said one time: 'The women are responsible for breaking up the group that used to run together in this neighborhood. They pull the guys away; they want to go places where we have to spend money; don't like to stick together in a group, and they want to settle down and get married, get us into the new car, new house, steady job bullshit. They pull the guys away from each other, and break up the group.'

Some of this is true on a certain level; some of it it fabrication, false interpretation and sheer bullshit. Things aren't as simple as they seem. We are learning to not have simplistic answers to real problems that affect us as a growing tribe. So let's apply the principle of looking at a problem, at the forces that created it, and find out what's at the root of the whole thing.

We have grown up under a system that puts money on a pedestal A few people are on the top, right up there on the pedestal A whole lot more are on the bottom. To keep the people from knocking the pedestal over and working out a communal thing, these at the top, have devised a set of tricks to keep the people divided and hence conquered. Dig that: black against white, this neighborhood against that, the kids against the older kids, and the men against the women. It's a bad game, and it's hanging us up. So let's look at how it's done in the men-women scene so we can take the steps to work it out and be better equipped to knock over the pedestal

Men and women have a lot of differences; they also have a lot of similarities. We have needs in common, like love, freedom, and a people's army to make these things happen. But our differences have been stressed; and we are mainly taught to think we are different, to fear each other down deep. Guys are given more freedom to run around and check out the world. But guys should look at themselves. They run together in groups. They're basically tight, and back each other up. They're anti-authoritarian - they don't dig cops, the army, the government, teachers, parents, telling them to do this and that 'just because'.

But, guys also have a lot of bullshit sex stuff. This comes out of the institutions like the church and the schools. We're taught that sex is evil. Sex is dirty. We get separated from the women -- they go to this school, men to that. Guys take this class and girls that class. (Remember how when we were little we had separate recesses?) So men's natural sexual drives become frustrated, turned into internal violence. They come to hate themselves, break things for the hell of it. Good buddies wait around all week for the party, then drink, wishing they were with a woman, and end up fighting each other, just for the hell of it. 'Ain't nothing else to do.' If the situation comes up to be with a woman, they really don't know how to handle it in a human way, so they get into this 'come here baby', 'oh, why not', 'listen bitch'.

Now, women get messed up a lot the same way. They're always taught to be little girls, being trained to be baby producers, cooks and washer-women. They aren't even allowed the freedom to move around the way guys are. So it's only natural - if
you've been trained all your life to settle down into a plastic marriage trip - that the minute you graduate from high school, you're going to feel real insecure if you don't have yourself a man. So girls are taught to grab for a man and hang o n. They pressure the guy to cut out of the group. This evil scene works on the guys too. They feel freaky if they don't have a girl, aren't settled down 'after all everyone else is going steady or married.' The whole thing, running with a group, doing a lot of groovy things, gets cut off, and they feel the pressure to settle down into the plastic rat race.

So the group is getting split up. It's the capitalist's trick. After all, he's gonna make more bread off us buying his bullshit things if we're in couples, buying what every 'normal' couple is supposed to have. And we're going to go to work everyday too - 'cause we have to.

Let's take a look at what Black Panther Minister Eldridge Cleaver once said. 'Every woman, who is with a man, should cut him off if he isn't into making the people thing.' Now this is cool, but it's not good enough. Those people into the revolution shouldn't be concerned with getting more women involved just to get more men. That's bullshit. We need both men and women, together. Neither of us can make it in a good way without the other. Right on!

By the way, did you catch in the straight papers lately how pig State's Attorney Hanrahan tried to use this kind of line on Black teenage girls, telling them that gang members were 'animals' and that girls should pressure boyfriends to leave gangs. The girls booed the shit out of him, making him blow his cool.

Now Eldridge has made some changes in his thoughts. He recently made it clear to Panther members that women are just as much a part of the revolution as men, and just as important. Women can do just about everything a man can do, and some things better. Eldridge talked about sister Erika Huggins. Her husband was killed by pig provocateurs in L.A. She went to New Haven, Conn., and organized a chapter of the Panthers. It's such a fine chapter, serving the people, that pigs went after them hard, especially Erika. The New Haven leadership is now locked up on phony murder charges.

Now if we look at other countries, especially countries into the people thing, with a people's revolutionary army to make sure they get it and defend it, women fight along with the men against the enemy. There were women with the guerillas in the hills in Cuba. Women fight in the militia in the National Liberation Front in Vietnam.

So let's break out of the old bag, and make changes. Let's start treating each other as human beings, and with respect. Not goody-goody, proper-proper respect; just plain revolutionary human respect. When guys treat girls bad, lay out how that's bullshit. When girls act stupid, silly, girlish -- in the way they've been taught to act -- they must be taken on, and told to cut out the bullshit. So girls who are hip, take on other girls, and take on guys. Guys do the same; lay out the new scene, and the changes we must go through, to both brothers and sisters. We've got to do the freedom dance together.

Down by the lake a few weeks ago, we ran into a bunch of guys from out by Racine and the River - Bridgeport, where Fat Face Daley lives. They were drinking quarts of Hamms' (with the new labels) and listening to some tapes by the Iron Butterfly playing out of a beautiful black 1953 Buick convertible.. We got into a rap with one of the guys and he asked if we knew about any reefer. We told him things were pretty tight up on the North Side where we hang out. He said the same for the South Side. Then he said he figured he'd be getting some pretty heavy stuff soon. We asked him where from? 'Nam', he said, 'I'm leaving in two days'.

The war's still going on. We know it every time somebody's buddy goes. We know it every time somebody's boyfriend goes. We know it everytime somebody's mother back in the neighborhood puts up one of those gold stars in the window. We know it because a lot of us are fighting and dying in that war. But what's it all about? The cat in the song (whose wife Ruby takes her love to town every night) calls it 'that crazy Asian war'. What's he mean by that? A crazy war in Asia? Or, a war with crazy Asians? Maybe he means a little of both. Anything we don't know much about seems a little crazy to us at first. It's pretty hard to understand what and who we are fighting over there. The newspapers (with all their lies about kids, dope, gangs, and cops) can't be trusted. Same for TV. And the radio's not much better with a couple of words every half hour sandwiched in between Zit cream commercials and old bald-head Clark Weber telling you about looking up young girls' dresses during your lunch hour. So when guys go - they're not sure why they're going. Some don't go at all. There was a guy who hadn't been around the neighborhood for a long time. He went to one of the city junior colleges for a semester. And then he dropped out. We figured the Uncle got him. Uh-Uh. Somebody saw him in Canada. He lives there now. Some go, but stand up against the army bullshit. (The stockades from Ft. Dix in N.J. to Ft. Ord in California and even in Saigon - are filled with guys who are fed up and willing to do something about it). But guys still go in. Why? A lot of them figure it's not worth the hassle not to. Some of them figure they're going to 'save America' from some big Red Monster or something. Some of them figure that if those Viet Cong are gonna be killing off guys we know - guys like us - then we've got to stop them from doing that. You can't let somebody shoot at you without you shooting back.

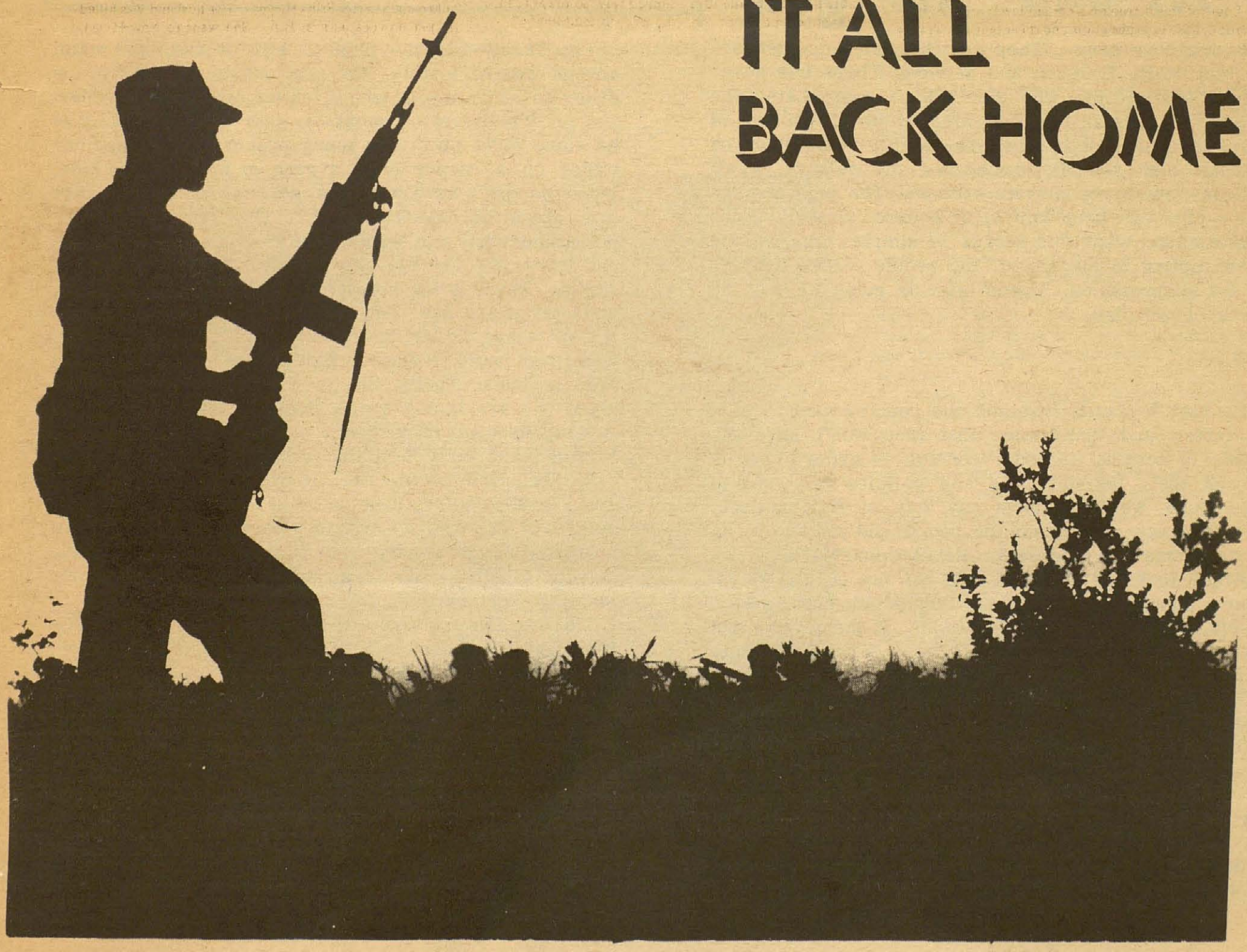
But why is America there in the first place? It's pretty obvious that if we didn't have troops in the Nam - none of our guys would be getting it. But that still doesn't say what the war is about. Some people say that if we don't win in Vietnam, we'll lose control of the rest of the 'free world'. Dig it. How come the American government is the cop of the world? How come they can use us to patrol the beat while they sit in the station house writing reports and making phone calls. They're safe in their fat-ass padded offices in the Pentagon Pig Station - we're the ones who get shot at. It's crazy. The same guys who get hassled for standing on a corner, for drinking a little beer in the park, for smoking in a high school john, guys who are yelling 'lay back, pig - this corner is ours, this street is ours, this park is ours - and we want you off it'! - these same guys put on a cop-of-the-world suit and go off to hassle the Vietnamese.

And what is it the Vietnamese want? The same things. The Vietnamese are yelling at the United States - 'lay back, pig - this land is ours - and we want you off it'! The people of Vietnam must be against the United States. How else could the Cong not only surround, but get inside Saigon. Why else would tens of thousands of South Vietnamese soldiers desert, taking their guns with them? Why else would the US have to move people away from their homes and towns into 'strategic hamlets' with barbed-wire fences and concentration camp rules and regulations. Are they trying to keep the VC out or the people in? Why else did the US have to hold an election ('free' they call it) at gun point and only let people form big cities vote? Are they afraid of the poor and working people of Vietnam? Of course they are.

Because the poor and working people of Vietnam are like the poor and working people of America. The presidents and generals and the chairmen of the board, not only own the regular people of America, they make their millions from us. And we don't complain (not to them at least). And we don't fight back (not a lot - yet). But the people of Vietnam are fighting back. The Viet Cong is made up of poor and working men and women. People who want their country, their towns, their land[and their houses back. A long time before the US got into Vietnam, France owned it like a colony. In WW2 the Japanese moved in. The people of Vietnam drove them out. After the war there was a deal with the French that the people could have their freedom. But France copped out and a war started. The Vietnamese drove them out in 1954. That's when the US got in. After a few years of the Americans juggling boundries, promising elections, and generally jiving the people, the Vietnamese started to fight back like they had before. They still wanted their houses, their land, their towns, their country. And they were still ready to fight for them. People fighting for space to live in, space to move in. And the cops-of-the-world saying, 'Sure you can have space. But only this much. And I'll tell you how to move around in it.

So, what's the crazy Asian war about? It's about people. It's about space. It's about people living their lives in that space. It's a war we shouldn't be fighting. Not in Vietnam, at least. Or in Thailand. Or in Laos. Or in Africa. Or in South America. Those wars are peoples' wars - people rising up angry against the things that put them down. The Viet Cong should win. Not by killing more American soldiers - but by American soldiers leaving Vietnam for the Vietnamese and bringing their guns back home. That war about people and space is in the streets of America. Bring the war home.

BRINGING IT ALL BACK HOME



power:

'If our people fight one tribe at a time, all will be killed. They can cut off our fingers one by one, but if we join together we will make a powerful fist.'

Little Turtle,
Miami Indians 1791

the fist ...

Many people have asked what the fist symbolizes. It is a symbol of struggle. A symbol of struggle by the people, for the people. The fist stands for all the people sticking together – together tight like a fist. It means all power to the people. All power to the people. Black power to the black people, brown power to brown people, red power to red people, yellow power to yellow people, and white power to white people. There can't be one of these without all the rest. White people are not free if black people are not free and black people are not free if white people are not free. So it's ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE

... and the gun

Guns are very heavy. They are the difference between life and death, freedom and slavery. There has never been a free people who didn't have guns. Lately the regime in Washington has stepped up its policy of disarming the people. The President's commission on violence just recently called for the seizure of all handguns owned by private citizens. The pigs and the rent-a-pigs can keep theirs, of course, as well as the businessmen. What this means is simple: The regime is attempting to disarm all the people except the pigs and fat businessmen. Anyone else is going to be at the mercy of the pigs.

The rich bastards that own the country want to tie it up tighter and make sure that they won't have any trouble in keeping us under control. In order to get us to back their bullshit laws and policies they have to make sure we don't have any way of fighting back. Take the guns away from the people and you take away the freedoms the American Revolutionaries died for. A people that are unarmed have no say in their lives. When a bunch of fat old shitty men decide how we have to live, it's time for a revolution. If the government takes away our guns, we will be in a bad position to fight back.

The main people who support these laws are liberals. These are the cool suburban businessmen who live out in their plastic suburbs and commute the Northwestern way. They don't need their own guns because they just buy some pigs to protect their money. The bastards that run this country don't give a shit about us; they kill us with their fucking war and their bullshit jobs; so they aren't going to get uptight when their pigs start shooting us on the streets.

Pig Daley told the pigs to kill, wound, and maim anyone caught looting. He can just as easily give the order to shoot anyone who gives the pigs shit. Hanrahan ran on a platform of criminals fear him, but who does he vamp right off? Any young people who are together either on a corner or in a gang or group of any kind. When we don't have any guns, who do you think the pigs are going to hassle most? The people that the government has the least use for—young people, black and white. We are the only people who can fuck up the regime, because we are strong and young and growing stronger every day. And we are beautiful. We live the life all these pig businessmen, politicians, and generals wish they could. We love, fight, drink, create, and the land is ours. That's why they want to take away our guns. We are taking over! Fuck all that shit about us fighting each other; just let a pig hassle us when we are together, and we'll show him where we are at.

We beautiful people are all over the world. We are every shape, color, size, and age. We are the rightful rulers of the world, and it's been too long that the so-called leaders have run things. No more. We are getting together. We are building a people's world starting right here in Chicago.

We own the streets, the parks, the lakes, the sky. It's ours. But until all of us dig it and take it back, the pig still rules. We might be able to beat the neighboring gang, or the other side of the street, but what good is it when we can't have the things that belong to us. To love we must fight. We know how to love, we know how to fight. Now we have to start to pick our enemies better. And we must love our people, our land, ourselves. Who is really fucking with us the most? Let's start there and work our way up until we take the world and the moon back. It's ours, motherfuckers; we're taking it back!

THE WILD BUNCH

breakin' up is hard to do

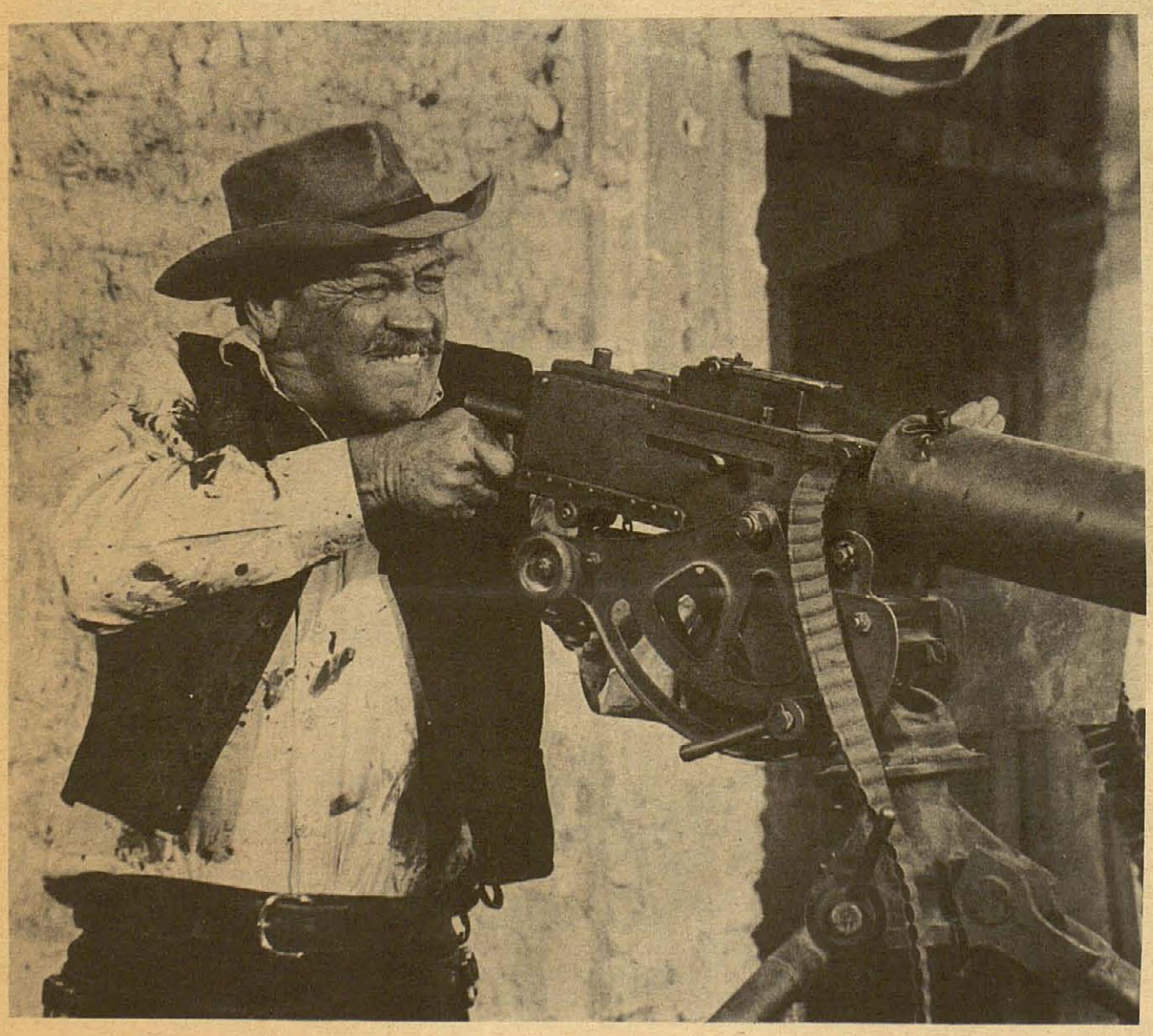
'Stick together. When you pick to side with a man you always stay by him. If you don't -- you're some kind of animal.' -- William Holden as Pike, one of the Wild Bunch.

The Wild Bunch is a movie about a gang. They hang out in Texas near the Mexican border around 1910. About this time in Mexico, poor people were getting together to demand revolutionary changes in the government and men like Zapata and Pancho Villa were organizing the people in the country side to fight the Man -- Federal Troops.

The Wild Bunch, though, is busy with the American Man, who is making it hot for them because they've been scoring regularly on the Railroad Company and its heavy gold shipments. That's what happens when you mess with the Capitalists. But the Bunch is tight. They move well. They're free agents. They've got no allegiance to any outside forces. Only to each other. Like they tell a Mexican general: 'We're not associated with anybody ... we don't sympathize with our government much.'

The movie starts with a spectacular attempt to ambush the Bunch. They escape -- taking with them saddle bags full of what they think is gold. Turns out to be bags full of steel washers. It was a set-up and the Bunch knows who set it up. A bounty-hunter named Deke Thornton (Robert Ryan). Thornton's a trick. He used to run with the Bunch but a rough time in jail has put him on the other side of the law -- inside the law.

During the ambush some of the people from the town are shot -- mainly by the bounty hunters working for the Railroad Company. The Railroad Boss defends the killings: 'We represent the law ... we're trying to catch outlaws.' Dig it. People just walking in the streets get murdered by 'the law' defending some bags of washers. Thornton wants to pull out when the Railroad dude orders him to chase the Bunch -- his old gang. Thornton agrees because the cat can send him back to jail. (Sort of like the way Narcs work when they use a kid to get something on other kids.) But also because 'I gave you my word.' Something that doesn't mean shit to the pig but means a lot to an outlaw who runs (or used to run) with a gang. If the people you hang with are counting on you -- you try like hell to come through. But like another member of the Bunch, Dutch(Ernest Borgnine) says -- 'It's who you give your word to that counts.' So even though Thornton is tricking on the Bunch he owes a certain allegiance to them -- and the Bunch to him. Everytime he has a chance to shoot Pike (William Holden), Thornton hesitates. Then misses his shot. The same goes for Pike. After the Bunch dynamites a bridge with Thornton on it, Pike says, 'We don't have to worry about Thornton anymore.' Sykes (Edmund O'Brien) says 'He'll be along and you know it.' The bonds of the Bunch are strong and they're still tied to Thornton.



The Bunch makes a deal with a Mexican general because they need the money. They know the general is a pig because they've ridden through the hometown of Angel (Jaime Sanchez), the only Mexican who rides with them. Because the people in Angel's village were getting together to demand changes, the Federal Troops came in to vamp on them. But the Bunch doesn't seem to care too much about the people. They take the general's deal and begin plans to rip-off an American ammunition train. Angel says he'll only do it if his people (who are fighting back against the Federal pigs) can have some of the guns:

Angel: 'I care about my people, my village, my family.'

Pike: '$10,000 cuts a lot of family ties.'

Family ties, Pike must mean, outside the ties of the gang. Because when Angel is held by the Federales near the end of the film -- the ties are strong enough for the Bunch to die fighting for Angel.

The gang, we said, was tight. Like a lot of gangs we know. But -- like a lot of gangs we know -- cut women out completely. Women, gangs think, pull us apart, tie us down, weaken us. If women start to move on us or any of our partners we think we're threatened and come down hard on them. Hard -- but not quite as hard as the Wild Bunch. Every woman in the film is a whore. If not literally, she is treated like one anyway. Two women move independently in the movie. One -- Angel's old girl-friend -- is making it with the pig general. Angel shoots her face off. The other tells Pike to drop his guns. Pike shoots her chest off. A lot of guys we know aren't quite as hard on women. They only shoot out a woman's mind and pretend (and make her believe)that there are only certain things she can do -- like cook, smile, sew and fuck. But we've got to understand women are sisters and that sisters and brothers have to run tight together -- equally.

If all this getting-together we keep talking about, happens, the people are going to win. That's us. Not just a gang, a bunch -- but the people. We're the ones who live in this country, in this city -- we're the ones who should run it. But if we don't get it together, it's not going to happen. The Wild Bunch got hip to this, most of them too late. They got a hint of the power of the people after they ripped-off the guns from the munitions train. They hid in the mountains on their way to make delivery. Before they knew it -- this bunch of professionals was completely surrounded and held-at-bay by a small number of Mexican peasants -- Angel's people. They came for their guns. Angel says -- 'the mountains belong to them - my people have fought here for a thousand years.' We get the feeling that this time, with guns, they may take back the land from the rich owners -- the land that belongs to the people.

These Mexican guerrillas give the Bunch a hint that maybe it takes more than running tight together. Pike says: 'We've got to start to think beyond our guns.' Right on. We've got to start to think how those guns are being used. We know already how the cops and the army use them. But how are we going to use them? What do guns mean in the hands of people who want to be free?

The Wild Bunch don't ask these questions of each other. They wade into the Mexican Army stockade to break out Angel. They wipe the place out (general and officers first) but get their heads blown off doing it. Then along comes Thornton -- his job done by the Federal Troops. He lets his posse of bounty hunters take the bodies of the Bunch back to Texas. 'I did all I said I'd do', says Thornton.

Sykes -- who had been left for dead in the desert , rides up with a group of armed men -- Angel's people. 'Me and the boys got work to do -- c'mon along.' Thornton nods. 'Of course it won't be like the old days.' Right on. Because this small army of Angel's people is not the Wild Bunch. They are associated with somebody -- the people. With their guns they will defend what they have and try to take Mexico back for the Mexican people. They will win, but liberal reforms and the bald-headed business interests of the U.S. government will put Mexico back into the rich people's pockets.

But the Cuban people won for good. And the Vietnamese people are winning. And the American people have just begun to fight. Like William Holden says to Ernest Borgnine in the movie -- 'Come on, you lazy bastard -- fight!' Get it together, brothers and sisters. They think we're the Wild Bunch. They think we're outlaws. Dig it. We're not. We're freedom fighters. And we're into a people thing.

Malcolm X was born in 1925, just a few years before the terrible depression; terrible for Whites, worse for Blacks. His father, a Baptist preacher, was mercilessly slaughtered by a white racist group known as the "Black Legion".

During the following years of hardship, Malcolm's mother was crushed under the strain of raising, providing for, and protecting eight children when even white people couldn't even get a decent wage. Early in life, he saw the cruelties, the troubles of having to be Black in White America. As a teenager in Harlem, North America's largest ghetto, he learned to survive by hustling, pimping, peddling dope, and robbing. By the time he was 20, he was sentenced to 10 years in prison, when his life took a drastic change. He began, corresponding with the head of the Black Muslims, Elijah Muhammad. Ashamed of his poor grammar, he began to read and finally write (copy) the entire dictionary, word for word.

With his new knowledge of words, he found for the first time he could understand what a book was saying. A whole new world was opened to him, and he read, and he read. Soon he was so filled with facts, the prison debaters were no match for him. He began preaching on behalf of the Black Muslims, telling the Black Man to get off his knees, get together with the Black Man's "True Religion". Once out of jail he was like a man on fire, going here, preaching there, and was the major cause for the large growth of the Muslim religion in America. He was on radio and TV, and newspapermen followed him constantly.

After making a statement on the death of President Kennedy, Elijah Muhammad suspended Malcolm for 90 days. This was due largely, however, to mounting jealousy in the upper echelons in the Black Muslims. So, Malcolm X decided to visit the religious shrine of the Muslims the world over, which is near Mecca. There, for the first time in his life, he saw fellow Muslims who were White, worshipping the same God, loving their brothers and sisters without seeing any racial differences. Coming from the United States, he had never before been able to meet a white person without being suspicious or resentful. In the true Muslim world he shared brotherly love with many blond haired, blue eyed brothers who never gave a thought to his race or complexion.

Upon returning to America Malcolm officially split with the Black Muslims, starting his own organization, called the Organization for Afro-American Unity. He said that Black people have been divided and taught to hate each other and even hate themselves. Before Black people can change anything, they must be united. Malcolm advised white people who asked him what they could do to work with their own people, to combat racism in their own ranks. He has said: "It isn't the American White man who is racist, but it is the American political, economic, and social atmosphere that automatically nourishes a racist psychology in the White man. The American society makes it next to impossible for humans to meet in America and not be conscious of their color differences."

Malcolm didn't have any faith that the rich white politicians could or would make things better. He wanted to organize the people into a force that could be powerful. About the presidential race of 1964, Malcolm said: "'Conservatism' (Goldwater) in American politics means 'Let's keep the niggers in their place.'" And "'Liberalism' (Johnson) means 'Let's keep the Knee-groes in their place—with more promises.'"

"They've always said that I'm anti-white. I'm for anybody who's for freedom. I'm for anybody who's for justice. I'm for anybody who's for equality. I'm not for anybody who tells me to sit around and wait for mine."

Malcolm inspired a whole generation of youth, such as Illinois Black Panther Party Chairman Fred Hampton, who has been serving time in the State penitentiary for taking $71 worth of ice cream bars and giving them out to little kids. After his trial, Judge Jones refused to grant him appeal bond, saying he was too dangerous to be allowed out on the streets. The case was taken to the Illinois Supreme Court, which granted him appeal bond. The Man has made every effort to get Chairman Fred and our brothers and sisters in the BPP. But we will fight to keep them free because they are up front in the struggle to free all the people.

When Malcolm talked about freedom he meant real freedom, not some kind of token law in an irrelevant Senate. On civil rights legislation: "Is White America really sorry for her crimes against the Black people? Many Black men, the victims, in fact most Black men, would like to be able to forgive, to forget, the crimes. But most American white people seem not to have it in them to make any serious atonement, to do justice to the Black man. Indeed, how can white society atone for enslaving, for raping, for unmanning, for otherwise brutalizing millions of human beings, for centuries? What atonement would the God of Justice demand for the robbery of the Black people's labor, their lives, their true identities, their culture, their history, and even their human dignity? A desegregated cup of coffee, a theater, public toilets? The whole range of hypocritical 'integration'—these are not atonement."

"I'm not going to sit at your table and watch you eat, with nothing on my plate, and call myself a diner. Sitting at a table doesn't make you a diner. Being here in America doesn't make you an American."

The white press always worked to trick Malcolm into saying something to make him a scapegoat for the rioting and violence. They wanted to link his name always with violence. "I am for violence if non-violence means we continue postponing a solution to the American Black man's problem, just to avoid violence. I don't go for non-violence if it also means a delayed solution. To me a delayed solution is a non-solution. If it must take violence to get the Black man his human rights in this country, I'm for violence exactly as you know the Irish, the Poles, or Jews would be if they were flagrantly discriminated against. I am just as they would be in that case —and they would be for violence, no matter what the consequences, no matter who was hurt by the violence."

The press defined the issue as violence versus non-violence. It should be freedom versus slavery. If violence is used it is started by those preventing freedom.

Malcolm was making a lot of sense to a lot of people—black and white. The government realized that Malcolm was a great danger to the status quo. So Malcolm X was shot to death.

Stone Grease Grapevine

SOUTHWEST SIDE

Burger King Gets It:

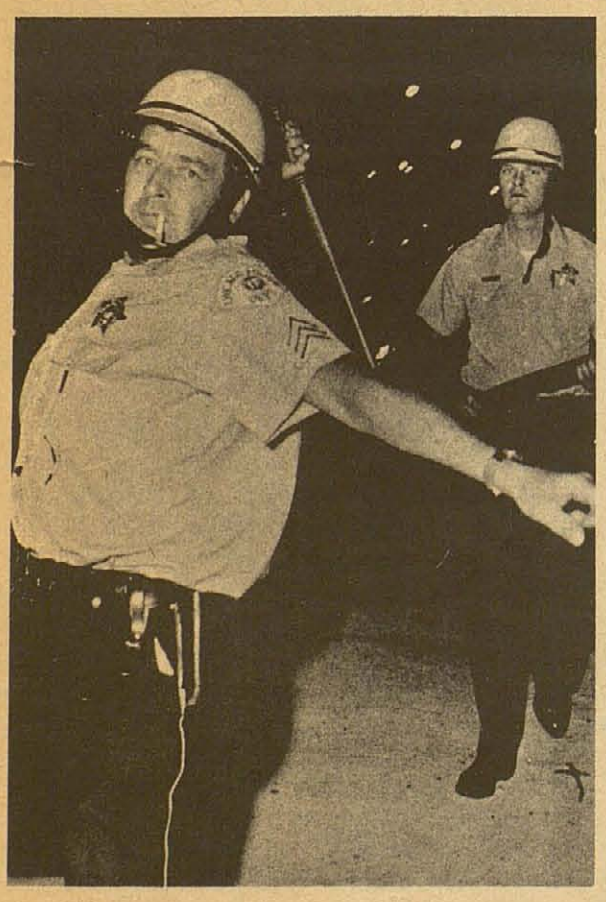
Last month a few guys finally decided they had taken enough shit from the local Burger King at 87th and Wood. (See Rising Up Angry, last issue--july). When the manager continued to harass them, they busted windows, over turned garbage cans, threw stuff from the gas station next door into the parking lot, and just raised a lot of hell. Tensions have been building up for weeks between the management pigs and the kids that hang there. Right on brothers. We take our frustrations out on the money creeps that cause them.

Fascist Vigilantes Ride Again in Brainerd:

The local so-called "concerned citizens of Brainerd" are trying to raise their local citizen pig patrol from 18 to 48. Supposedly this is to make sure that any slack in the regular pig patrol's performance will be taken up by the local folks. Make sure there ain't a crime wave.

There's also a patrol on 79th street. They say they're protecting their neighborhood, but in reality its an excuse to keep Blacks on the other side of Ashland, and to keep white kids out of so-called "trouble." Funny thing is that they don't control the dupers on 79th street whose crowds sometimes range up to 200 kids. But all the greasers, like blacks, are getting the pigs called on them on 87th street.

What pig patrols do is ride around the neighborhood in their cars with 2 to a car. One mans a 2 way radio. When "trouble" is sighted (just about anybody black or young) they call to a base which notifies the pigs. This fascist gestapo patrol better drive on by, because they might run into some unsuspected trouble.

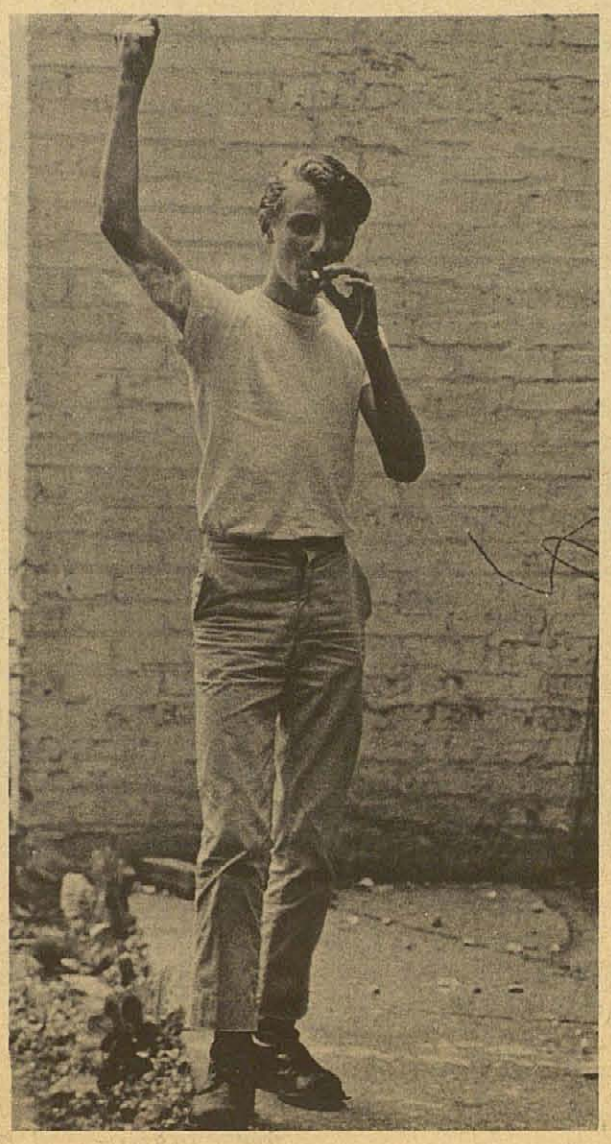


More News from the Southwest Side:

A few days ago some brothers went to one of their back yards to drink a few beers. The pigs came in through the back gate, with no warrant of course, and busted it up. One of the brothers said that he could see it, maybe, if they were raising hell or something, but they just so happened to be extra quiet. They also said they had no place to go: can't go to the park or stand on the corners 'cause the pigs keep hassling them and giving them hard times.

Southwest Side Pig Patrols Cause Tensions:

The pig patrols on 95th street are keeping the racial tension going between White brothers and Black brothers. The pigs tell the black guys to vamp on the whites, and they tell the whites to vamp on the blacks. Too much monkey business and bullshit. Vamp on the pigs.



CORP

The punk alderman who got caught with a prostitute in the back seat of his car, not too long ago (he said they were talking; she said 'talking hell, he had his hand in my heater') stopped off to visit Corp on his way to see the skin flicks at the Town Theater on Armitage.

This horny old alderman, Barr McCutcheon, came by the park at Armitage and Mohawk to 'talk to the boys',

The pigs pulled up, but the horny alderman protected the boys. He even promised to clean up the park if the boys from Corp would cool things. (Why doesn't he clean up some of the streets in his ward, instead of just the streets in Old Town?)

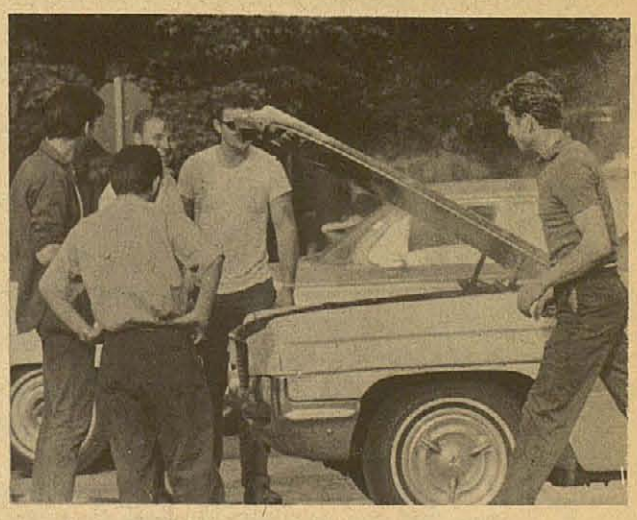
McCutcheon split, and Corp brothers saw him going into the Town Theater. A half hour later, some more cops came by: first one plainclothesman who didn't identify himself as such, and then after he started some punk actions, he had to call another squad for protection. Four brothers were busted for disorderly. They said 'you're getting too big. Right on! And we're getting bigger! Pigs and syndicate sucks like McCutcheon ain't going to stop Corp or the other revolutionary brothers and sisters around the city with a few busts.

JENSEN PARK

One day three of us (two guys and a chick) borrowed a friends' car that had been recovered and cleared from being stolen earlier in the day. We hadn't gotten far when a pig started following us down a side street. It wasn't till we hit Montrose & California that he stopped us. We knew he recognized the car and was going to try and get us on grand theft, but we weren't worried. He got halfway out of the car and shouted to us to get out with our hands up. We were then told to face a nearby wall with our hands and legs spread. The two guys kept trying to explain that the car had been cleared, but pig Gradecke just cocked the gun he had pointed at our heads and threatened to shoot if either one said another word. All this was going on with a massive crowd gathering. We felt like stone criminals. Finally another cop pulled up and let us explain. He knew the car had been cleared and bawled out pig Gradecke for not checking on it. Then he got all set to let us go, but Gradecke had called for more squads (which were arriving all rowdy and ready to kill) so dumb Gradecke felt like such a damned fool he wrote a bullshit speeding ticket to redeem himself. Our driver was on a ticket so he got busted, and me and the other cat spent the rest of the night trying to hunt up bail.

When we went to court for the ticket, there was another cat just before us that was busted for speeding too, with the same pig. Pig Gradecke claimed he followed the cat from Addison to Montrose exactly 45 feet from the guy. Then this cat's lawyer asked if there were any cars in front of or behind the defendant, what date was on the ticket, about what time of day it had been, at what speed he was going, if traffic was light or heavy, to every question the pig answered, 'I don't remember'. The lawyer then pointed out that the pig didn't have such a hot memory and wanted to know what he was wasting his time for. The judge just threw it out of court.

When our case was called, we explained how we'd been embarassed by this same pig on a busy intersection during rush-hour, and how traffic was tied up because pig Gradecke didn't bother to check on it before fuckingup everything. Then we told the judge about how the pig wrote the ticket just to save his own skin. The judge was so fed-up that he took it out on us and fined us $15.00, and screamed at pig Gradecke a little.



PEOPLE'S PARK

Take a walk down by Halsted & Armitage if you're into Peoples' Rights. The community - like a lot of others in the city - is getting together, fighting a battle for turf. A farout Peoples' Park is being built on land that the city planned to give to a private tennis club -- land that hundreds of poor families used to live on until 'urban renewal' tore down their housing. Work began early Monday morning, August 4, and it's been going on day and night since then, with members of the Young Comancheros Organization, Young Lords, SDS, and lots of neighborhood kids and older people putting their revolutionary energy into pickax, sledgehammer and bulldozer power. Right now black dirt is being spread -- next comes sod, flowers, playground equipment, and whatever else we can build before the pigs come and try to take 'their' land back.

Of course we won't let them -- the land belongs to the people, and we'll fight for it!

THINGS TO WATCH OUT FOR AS THE GANG INTELLIGENCE UNIT COMES MESSING IN OUR AFFAIRS:

They seek out your most vulnerable spots. Remember that! Each gang and organization is different, so not all of these things will apply to you. But you must look out for them.

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1. They seek out people who are your potential enemies. They talk to them and try and find out information they can use against you to get you.
2. They look for people who will make charges that you are extorting money or goods from them.
3. They look for people near you who have committed heavy crimes. Make sure you have good legal defense.
4. They look for people who have severe political disagreements with you.
5. They look for heavy dope users or pushers who can be forced to work for them.
6. They look for street workers from public and private social agencies, especially the Youth Welfare Commission, who think gangs are bad.
7. They look for people involved in differences within and outside your organization. This means we had better be tight, cool.
8. They work on members who are already in their grips, like in Cook County jail, St. Charles, on supervision or probation, or just known by local pigs.
9. They use myths to construct a case, telling people how bad you are, using the press to do this and by going around your neighborhood. As soon as something happens they blame it on you.
10. They set traps for you. So be careful of offers for guns or money.
11. They place responsibility for anything that happens in your neighborhood on you, and they make any member's crime the whole organization's crime.
12. They buy spies and witnesses. They pay kids to join you.
13. They terrorize your members. They pick kids up, rough them up, or act real nice and try to get information, promising favors.
14. They pick off your leaders. So we must have strong organizations and lots.of members who know what's going on.

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DOWNTOWN

We Dig the Brother Who's Outta Step

We went to the American Legion Parade. Far out patriotic shit in patriotic downtown Chicago. Funny thing that the cops weren't harassing the marchers. There were a whole lot more people marching in the parade than there were spectators. Daley was supposed to come, but even he didn't show up. Not many people did. Seemed like they'd dragged out every old VFW drinker they could find from around the state to pull the thing off.

The drum and bugle corps were out of sight. But the kids marching in formation were uptight, afraid to smile. We tried to cheer them up. 'Hey brother, lighten up.' They dug it. We flashed V signs and fists at each other. Best of all was when the National Guard marched by not too impressively. Sister Stormy yelled out: 'We dig the brother whose out of step.' This cat turned around, smiled, and flashed the V. RIGHT ON!

SENN

For the past month, some high school & SDS kids have been selling Rising Up Angry at Senn High. Twice already Vice principal Martin ordered our people to stop handing out papers and leave. Once he called the city pigs in to hassle us. We've been rapping with lots of people, giving them other stuff to read and telling them what pig Martin has been up to, why he wants to get rid of us.

Last week (Tues. Aug. 5) about 30 of us charged into Senn yelling Jailbreak!!! We picked up some people from the classrooms and busted into a "College Careers" bullshit assembly in the auditorium. Martin and his pig lackeys tried to shut us up and throw us out, but they couldn't because we fought back. And we told the kids in there why we were fighting, and why they had to join us. Because schools are jails used to keep us in line. These jails teach us to be cut-throats, tricks, and racists against our own people. They don't want us to get together, so they teach us to hate each other. But that shit's gonna stop, 'cause we're getting together to fight the real enemy.

Six of us were busted that last time at Senn when pig Martin called in the city pigs. They told a lotta lies, and laid heavy charges on our people. But our 1 sister and 5 brothers were out of jail that night. We went back to Senn the next day, and we'll keep going back. We're not gonna stop fighting until we win.

POWER TO THE PEOPLE

WEST SIDE

Doc Gandalf's General Store is one of those places that really draws the heat. Located at 5961 W. Lake at Austin, it has become a focal point of activity for young people in the Austin area. Originally the shit came down on the store because fears about dope, longhairs, blacks, etc.; were whipped up by the local snotrag paper, The Austinite. From the day it opened it has been attacked in a consistant barrage by every legal, political, and physical way the Man can think of. So far, the store has survived a fire bombing, several phony dope busts, babbling hate from the snotrag, and steady harrasment from the 15th district pigs. Not only has the store survived, but it is stronger and better than ever because the people understand where and why the shit is coming down and how to fight it.

Three weeks ago, a Friday night, 2 wagons, T Force, & co. pull up in front and bust 3 greaser cats for loittering, then 2 vice cops came in to search and hassle. They busted Roger for following them around so they couldn't plant any dope. All four of us were free in one hour with no charges because of fast pressure on the pigs.

Last Saturday, August 2, three brothers from the store, including one manager, an assistant manager, and a Student Mob worker, were busted while driving back to the store, by 2 task force pigs. The pigs had a bet going as to whether or not the guys were holding. A search of the car produced a small amount of grass that did not belong to any of the three arrested. It could have been a plant, like the first time they tried to close the store. The three were charged with possesion and are free on bond. Bail money was ready and waiting as soon as bond was set. It is not likely an accident that all three were very active forces in the store and community.

A member of the Youth Commission is conducting a personal anti-youth campaign that has its humorous moments, as when he had his 12 year old daughter buy a copy of the Seed and then tried to bust us for selling smut to a minor. You have to sink pretty low to use your own daughter for shit like that. How does he qualify to work with youth?

About the biggest thing around here that puts the Man up tight is that whites, blacks, heads, street grease, and bikers can get together and really dig each other. And while it must be said that we are not as together as the Lords, Panthers, and Patriots, we are learning, growing, loving, and finding out how to stop the Man and where to aim our anger. We're into other stuff, but more on that in the next Rising Up.....

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

LOVE LIKE HEAVEN AND FIGHT LIKE HELL!

YOUNG PATRIOTS

(The Young Patriots is a political organization in the Uptown area.)

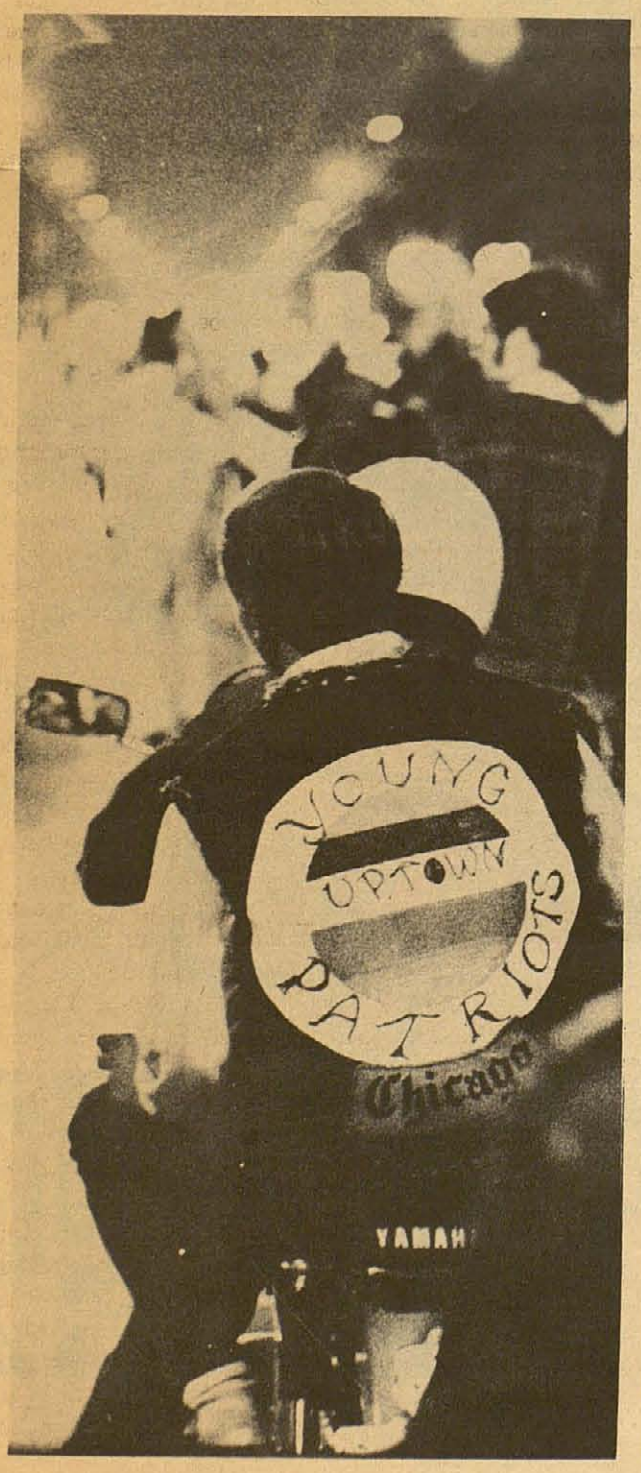
All Power to the People!

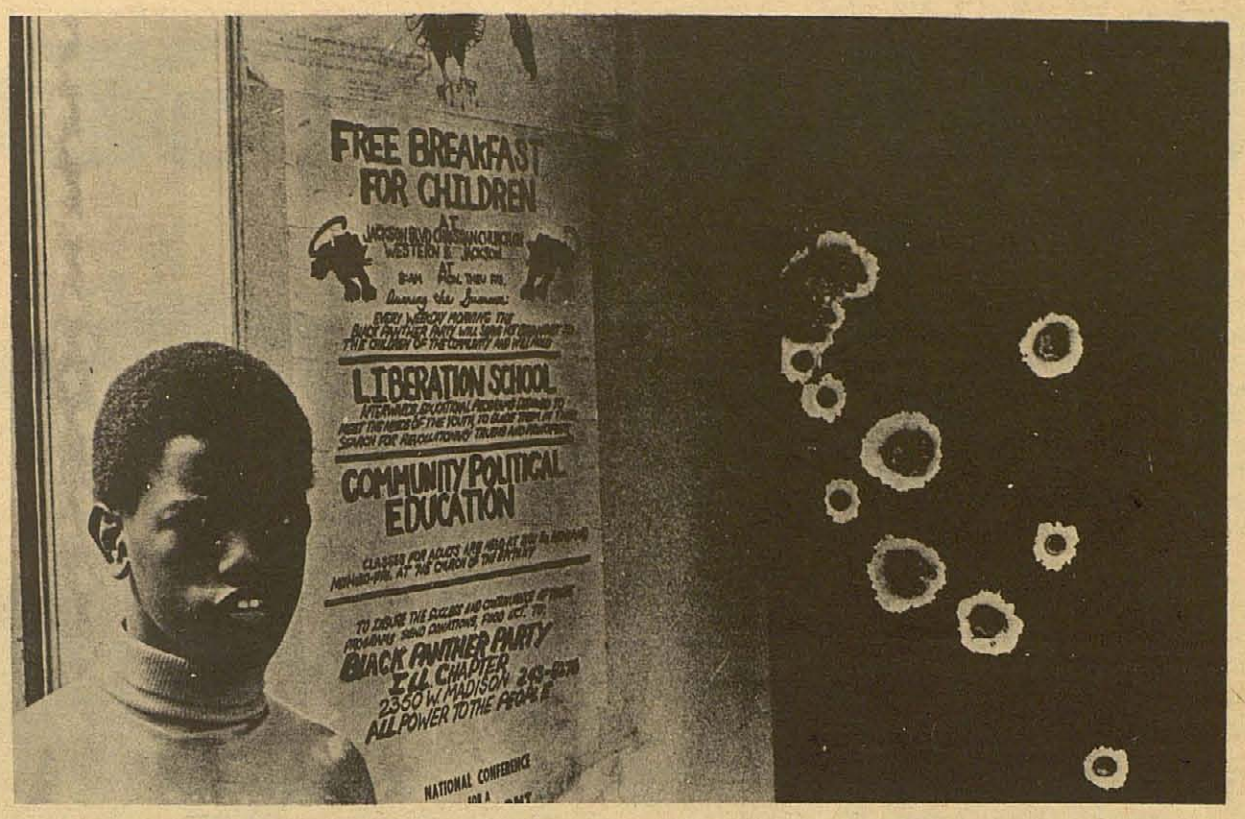
To all our beautiful brothers and sisters who are out gassing the streets, digging each other, busting their ass in shit jobs, struggling, fighting to keep a peaceful crib and raise a beautiful family, and offing pigs and other lames in their minds and in their actions -- to all our brothers and sisters everywhere we raise our clenched fist as a symbol of our love and our solidarity and our will to fight on right on for our freedom!

We say 'Right On' to all groups of young people who have gotten together for the reason of their happiness, for the reason of their happiness, for the reason of their self-defense, and for the defense of their neighborhood. We say especially 'right on' to those groups of young people who call themselves revolutionaries, and who have decided that the best way to off this capitalist--pig society is to become a political organization and beat pig Daley, Nixon, etc., at their own game. 'Right on' to those who will lay down their lives fighting for freedom rather than kiss the ass of pig--america.

Mayor Daley and his pet pigs, like Buckney (head of GIU), call any group of young people who are not sissies a 'gang'. But we actually know that there is only one gang in Chicago, and it is the most vicious, brutal and murderous gang since the days of Al Capone! I mean the blue--uniformed pigs who terrorize our streets, packing cold steel on their hips like cold blooded bounty hunters, afraid to let the people do the same. Oh these pigs are so bad to us young guys when they've got the guns and we don't. And if we disarmed these lard-assed morons, they'd probably be just as bad -- to old ladies and little kids!

All of a sudden everybody's talking about law and order. Like everything would be great if we just had a little more 'law and order'! Well, young people and poor folks know what this really means -- we've been pushed around and shitted on by laws and order all our lives. 'Law and order' is just another way of saying 'you young punks and ignorant poor people shut up and do what us rich folks tell ya!' So the hell with it -- you rich bastards take your law and order and stuff it! We gonna do our thing! RIGHT ON!!





BLACK PANTHERS

Early Thursday morning three blue and white cars drove up in front of the office of the peoples' army, the Illinois Chapter of the Black Panther Party. The Gestapo pigs then got out and like drunk maniacs with guns, which they are, started to shoot up into the office in the hope that they might be able to murder some of the servants of the people, the Black Panther Party, who feed hungry children every day, open up free medical health clinics, and serve other needs of the people in our oppressed communities. These fools believed they would be able to shoot at Pete, Alvin, and Larry, panthers in training of the Black Panther Party, and that these brothers would not protect themselves simply because the people shooting at them wore blue uniforms and called themselves POLICE. But the pigs were shocked damn near to death when their fire was returned. The blind ignorant pigs failed to finish what they had started by shooting and in turn they were the ones that got shot.

The pigs finally gained entrance to the office and once they were in and thought the people of the community could no longer see them, they proceeded to take out their blind anger on things which could not defend themselves, such as furniture, newspapers, and food. They attempted to set fire to the office equipment. Along with their attempt at arson, these punks acted in the true nature of Al Capone. This gang of terrorists, commonly known as the Chicago Police Department, stole close to $500 and burglarized the office and stole whatever they could find. They did this in the hope of stopping the Black Panther Party from meeting the needs of the people. The party money these punks stole was used to feed hungry kids, and the office equipment they damaged was used to tell people about gestapo acts just like this one which they commit every day.

Once these nervous punk ass pigs had arrested the brothers and thoroughly handcuffed them so they could no longer defend themselves, these sissy pigs then proceeded to beat and brutalize these brothers whose only crime was to defend themselves against a gang of murderers. This incident shows to the people of the community that we must move to put into action no. 7 of the Black Panther Party Ten Point Program which says, 'We want an end to police brutality and murder of black people' and arm ourselves so that we may defend ourselves so that we may defend ourselves against these armed and dangerous maniacs known as POLICE. Once we have to stand together for our own protection because if they can shoot into and attempt to burn the Black Panther Party office and make it legal then surely they can break into peoples' homes with their brutal fascist gestapo pig tactics and kill anyone. As outlined by our minister of defense HUEY P. NEWTON who says we must draw the line at the threshold of our doorstep and anyone who kicks down our door, or just comes in our door in a rowdy fashion, we don't care if they have 12 badges, 16 uniforms, and 36 squad cars, the St. Valentines' day massacre shows us that everyone wearing a uniform is not an officer of the LAW and therefore once they have stepped outside the realms of legality into the realms of illegality they shall be treated as an outlaw.

FREE HUEY!

LONG LIVE FRED!

FREE ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS!

ILLINOIS CHAPTER, BLACK PANTHER PARTY

GAYLORDS at FOREMAN HIGH SCHOOL

Some kids from SDS took Rising Up Angry out to Foreman High two weeks ago for the first time. On the second day the pigs busted us for being on school property. They hauled 8 of us - 4 from Foreman and 4 from SDS - to the pig pen for giving out a 'subversive-type newspaper'. Dig it! Rising Up Angry is subversive!

We kept going back - rapping about why pig-principal Langston calls the pigs on us for being there. He keeps pigs there every day - sometimes 15 of 'em - to watch for us. And we keep rapping to people about fighting back against these pigs.

We talked to brothers from the Gaylords. They know that the pigs are their main enemy, cause the GIU is always hassling them and giving them phony busts. The guys are digging that humbugging with other gangs isn't where it's at.

The day after 30 people shook up Senn H.S., over 20 pigs waited at Foreman. It won't be long before they will need special pigs to protect the pigs who are supposed to be protecting the schools from people like us. We're the people our parents warned us against. RIGHT ON!

LOGAN SQUARE

Next Time It'll be Guns

Draper & Kramer, a big realtor representing an anonymous owner, is the object of a rent strike in Logan Square's Sugar Building at Diversey and Sawyer. The building has become more and more run down since the exchange of owners. We sent in a petition, signed by all the tenants, presenting a list of demands. We are all holding back our rent until the demands are met. The gripes we have are lack of lighting in the halls, dangerous carpeting, bad plumbing, cockroaches, etc. Last week the two women who took up the petition received eviction notices in the mail, with no reason given. The landlord is letting the building run down because the property will be valuable in itself for urban renewal in a few years because of the prime location by the Milwaukee "L". Holding our rent is the first step. In a couple of years we'll be holding our guns on Draper & Kramer.

TO LIVE OUTSIDE THE LAW

In America, gangsterland of the world, we've been taught many things. Mainly we've been taught the importance of money, the almighty dollar. While telling us how important it is, they leave out a few things. They leave out that the children of the rich class are about the only ones allowed to learn how to make it in the proper way. Only certain people are allowed access to certain training that teaches certain skills, that allows success in certain fields of business.

Another thing they try to teach everybody in this gangsterland is that crime doesn't pay. Over and over, on TV and in the movies, the "bad guys" get caught by the good cops serving the good (rich) people's interests. We're taught things like: "What happened to Bonnie and Clyde will always be true of those who kill and steal and pray upon decent law-abiding society."

They say: "Money's where it's at; keep at it and you'll get some; at least you'll get to heaven." They also say: "You can only make it in some legal and respectable (proper) ways." Well throughout the history of this gangsterland America there have been many people who saw that they weren't going to make it by the proper way. To make it the proper way isn't in the cards for the masses, 'cause the deck is stacked. So a whole lot of people down through the years have stepped outside the capitalist system's so-called laws. Jesse James, John Dillinger, Bonnie and Clyde, Pretty Boy Floyd, Machine Gun Kelly, Al Capone, Sam Giancana, Milwaukee Phil Alderisio.

Now it's obvious that if the main religion of the country is money there's bound to be bunches of killing and stealing. We've been taught it's all bad, all criminals are the same, and all of them lose. But you can't lump James, Dillinger, Capone, and Giancana all together. Some were cool, some suck. In the future issues of Rising Up Angry we're going to take a close look at banditry, gangsterism, and certain personalities. We're going to check out what they're about, because we've got things to learn from them, from their experiences, and from the economic forces that moved them.

For now we want to get a general picture of why certain people and ethnic groups moved in certain ways outside the "law". We want to see why they did it (what they were after, what moved them); who they hit (targets); how they did it (kinds of organization); and what happened to them.

The Background Scene

America did different things to different groups of people who came here at different times. They had different experiences, lived in different places (rural or urban), and got shaped in different ways. These things determined how different people moved outside the law.

The smaller bandits weren't really gangs, but were basically loners, seldom numbering more than 5 or 10 in a bunch. They were actually rebels against a changing social, economic, and political order—the shift from rural to urban. They were rural rooted cats. The James Brothers and the Youngers were out of Missouri. They fought with the guerrilla fighter Quantrill on the Confederate side during the Civil War. That war wasn't so much about slavery as it was a war to control the future direction of the growth of America's economy. Would it be the South, rural, the land? Or would it be the North, urban and industrial?

Bonnie and Clyde were out of Texas—Clyde, the son of a poor dirt farmer, pushed off the land by the changing nature of the American economy. Dillinger was born and lived in Indianapolis, and spent a good part of his youth in rural Indiana. His dad was a small store owner who appears to have been the kind of man who worked hard, never making much, but accepting strongly and identifying with the work ethic pumped so strongly into small merchants by Capitalist America through the schools, churches, and media. These are the main institutions that serve the interests of the rich by instilling their values. It's how they keep the middle class in line. Dad Dillinger didn't treat John too well (like he locked him in rooms), and didn't show much affection for John. After all, he was more interested in his business.

Bonnie Parker, wearing the beret that later became her trademark. Photo was taken in 1933, at the height of Bonnie and Clyde's "career."

John

AW YOU MUST BE HONEST

The Targets They Hit

The big difference between the big gangsters and the outlaws is who they hit. The big cats have always attacked the people; the little guys mainly aimed at the exploiters. The little cats were sort of social bandits, kind of like Robin Hood—rob from the rich and give to the poor. This wasn't true of all of them, but it was a real tendency. Like Jesse James once visited a widow of a buddy he'd done guerrilla fighting with during the Civil War. That day the sheriff was coming to foreclose the mortgage on her small farm. Jesse gave her $500, said make sure you get a receipt. Later that day Jesse robbed the sheriff of the same $500 he'd given the poor widow. In the Bonnie and Clyde movie they showed a bank holdup. Clyde took the money on the counter, turned to a farmer, and said "Is this yours?" The farmer said "Yup!" and Clyde said "Keep it—we want the bank's money, not yours." In reality it was John Dillinger who did that particular act. It shows where the bandits were at in the historical battle between the poor and the rich.

Basically the little bandits were rebels against the system. They robbed banks and kidnapped rich people. These are the institutions, and the people who run them, who were messing over the little people everywhere. The social bandits didn't rob little people. And all of them, from Jesse James through Pretty Boy Floyd, Bonnie and Clyde, and Dillinger, died without much money. What motivated these small, gutsy outlaws wasn't so much money as a hostility against the enemy class. Dig what Harry "Pete" Pierpont (perhaps the real leader of the Dillinger bunch) said: "Those who died deserved to die—and there are plenty more that deserve it and are still alive. My conscience doesn't hurt me. I stole from the bankers. They stole from the people. All we did was help raise the insurance rates."

The small rural-rooted outlaws came from a people who had been long in America; their parents and grandparents had spent all their lives struggling here, and they knew that the streets weren't paved with gold. The big-time gangsters, urban dudes like Capone and Moran, were a different trip. They came from more recently arrived European immigrants. These immigrant groups left Europe by the millions, driven off the land by hard times and economic changes. They headed for America, already a gangsterland, where the streets were paved with gold (for some).

The first thing that happened to immigrant groups when they got here was that they were made to feel ashamed of their backgrounds, their cultures, their names. They were dirty foreigners, come to work in the sweatshops of Capitalist America. They were forced to be envious of the system, to identify with its gangster values of greed. The way many of them would regain their pride was to be super American.

Things were tough at the bottom of the melting pot. Education was hard to get—you had to work super-long hours to survive. Working hard and making it the proper way meant that maybe two or three generations later your relatives would graduate from college and work for the telephone company. Then, the only way to make the myth was to say screw school and move outside the law. (Most big-timers in the Syndicate/Mafia never got as far as eighth grade.) So those who bought the values of America (make it big, at anybody's cost), but saw that they wouldn't make it by "respectable methods", became what we call illegitimate capitalists.

They were greedy, about money. They weren't rebels against the system like the little rural rooted outlaws. They accepted the system, but not the way you were supposed to achieve success in it. Not the method. Like the Capitalists that came before them, they cut out a piece of the action, their own bit of turf, to screw people and make money. They would make money illegally and put it into banks, and it would come out legal. Later on they would make deals with other businessmen and politicians to make laws that would protect their interests. They would make their businesses and ruthless greed legitimate.

Back to the ladder-climbing urban dudes. To carve out their money thing, and feel at home in America, the big gangsters chose the people as their target, just like big Capitalists have always done. Trouble was that the so-called legitimate businesses were sewed up—so they pushed illegal things: from bootlegging to policy and prostitution to juice, they committed crimes that fucked over ordinary working people, helping to make the Capitalist net of enslavement ever more brutal and complex.

As Usual the Little Cats Get It

The government cracked down on those outside "their" laws in different ways. With some types of crime they talked about how bad it was, but did virtually nothing. With others they hit hard. So it is in the case of the Dillingers versus the Capones, as today with the Chicago street gangs versus the Giancanas. The outfits had trouble with the feds, but the feds were really after these urban dudes because they weren't getting their cut (taxes). When they made liquor legal, and got their cut, the outfit was already into other things. A few of them got busted for income-tax evasion, or something absurd like a fictitious driver's license, or vagrancy, but they never put many of them away. They still don't.

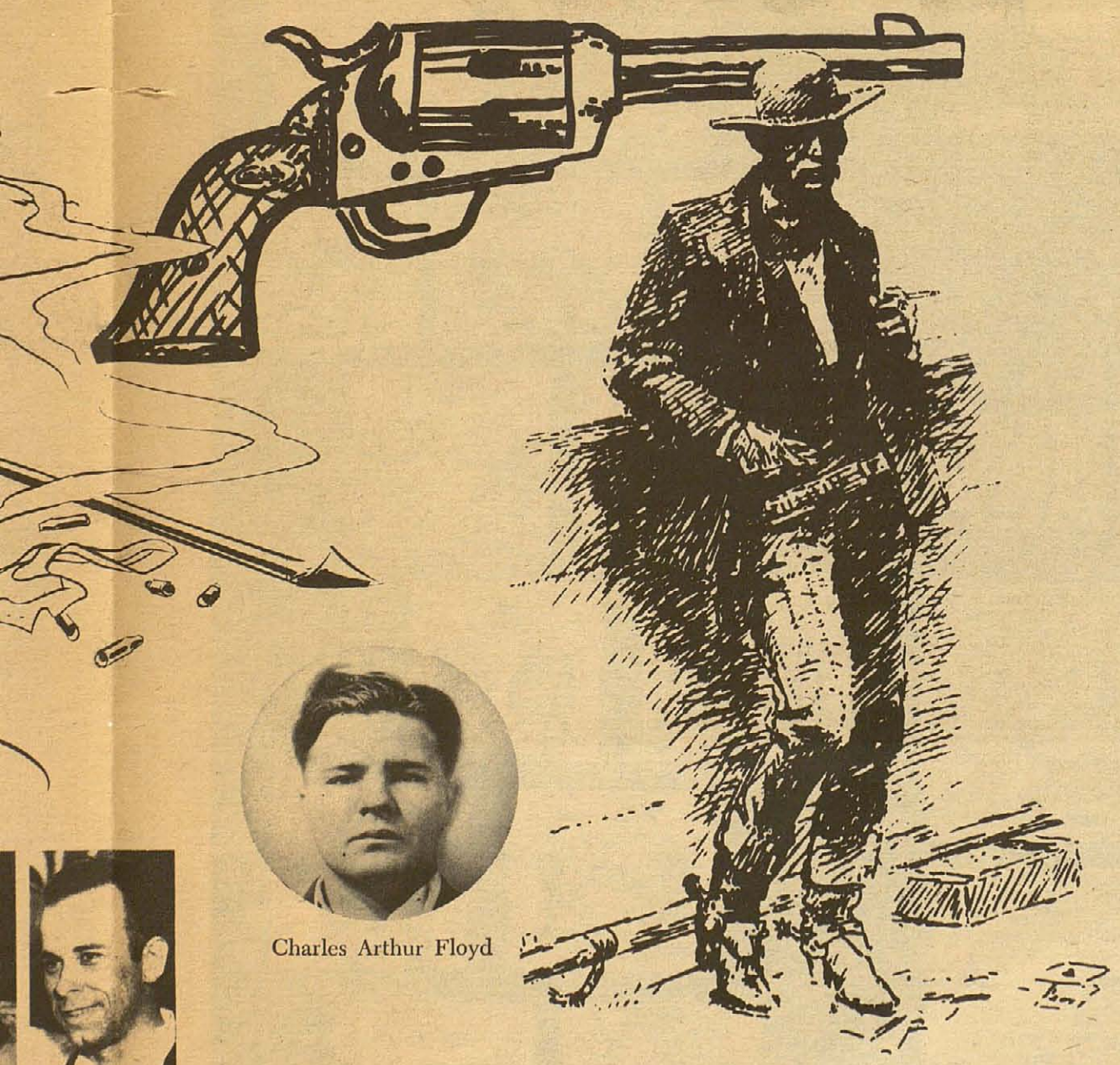
On the other hand, since the government couldn't get the urban dudes, and they really didn't want to, they still had to show that crime doesn't pay. Especially since they were the target of certain crimes. So they'd talk about organized crime, but smash the little cats. Like Dillinger was "Public Enemy Number One". They spent all kinds of the people's money to get him, and then said: "See—crime doesn't pay." Meanwhile, the government, businessmen, and gangsters have their infights, but continue to fuck the people around.

Organization

So the outfit came from immigrant stock, mainly Italian. They were made to feel inferior by the system at the very start. They envied it, wanted to be a part of it, and proceeded to build an organization that today is tied deeply to the police and the courts, the oil that keeps the Chicago pig political machine moving. They took the capitalist business as their model, built their own corporation—at first illegal, but now increasingly into legal stuff. They aren't the big Capitalists that cause wars, but they've got a nice chunk of the oppression pie right here at home.

The little cats rebelled against the system. They hated it. Their spirit was good, they were groovy, but they lost. They didn't build an organization; most didn't think of it. Had they wanted to, they would have met severe opposition from the Government. The Government, and the rich business interests that it serves, is far more threatened by a bunch of outlaws robbing the banks than their partners in profit that steal nickels, dimes, and dollars from the people.

In looking at the social bandits as well as gangsters in future issues of Rising Up Angry, we must keep in mind where we're coming from and where we're going. Basically we're moving from a position of spirit that says we don't care so much about bread and respectability like our parents and grandparents from the old country. We care about the people. So we got to figure out how we build an army of people that will work in the cities with the same spirit as Harry "Pete" Pierpont. We must capture it back for the people. The task is great. The illegitimate capitalists run free, out on appeal bonds, in the government. Meanwhile State's Attorney Hanrahan vamps on street gangs, political organizations, and the people in general. He's threatened because these human groupings of kids are consciously becoming political organizations, people's organizations, outlaw bands that serve the people. The Syndicate isn't an outlaw band; it's Hanrahan's favorite inlaws. They couldn't be outlaws, because to live outside the law you must be honest. They aren't. We are. We're outlaws. Dig it. Right on, brothers and sisters. We'll meet in the valley.



Charles Arthur Floyd

John Dillinger

WEE WEE COMIX

HEY FELLAS! LOOKIT TH' WEIRDY. HE SURE IZ STOOPID AN' HE LOOKS JEST LIKE A GURL...

...LET'S KILL HIM, TH' PUNK!

HAW! HAW! EAT SHEE-IT, WEIRDY!

WE GONNA CREAM YOU, YA' QUEERBAIT PINKO PIG!

YA' COMMIE DOPE FIEND!

BIF

HAW! HAW! EAT SHEE-IT, WEIRDY!

LEZ GO, FELLAS. IF WE'RE LUCKY WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO KILL ANOTHER WIERDY PUNK BEFORE SUPPER!

HAW! HAW!

AN' THUS, PATRIOTS, COMMUNISM AN' GODLESS PERVERSION IS CRUSHED BY LOYAL AMERICANS!

REMEMBER... STOMP A WIERD FOR JEEZUS!

SKIP WILLIAMSON 1968

ACTION COMIX

Joey Tissue and the Dummies

I'M THE GREATEST! THE ONE AND ONLY GREAT!

NO! ME! I'M THE ONE!

BOYS! BOYS! WHAT'S ALL THE FUSS ABOUT? HEH HEH!

HI JOEY... GLAD YOU CAME ALONG... WE WAS JUST ARGUIN' ABOUT WHO'S THE GREATEST...

WELL, HEH HEH...

WHICH ONE OF US IS, ME OR HIM, HUH JOEY? HUH?

GARP... PUNCH YA INNA FACE!

ROWR... SOCK YA INNA NOSE!

AFTER ALL IS SAID AND DONE, FELLOWS, YOU'RE STILL JUST A COUPLE OF DUMMIES!

YEAH...

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT...

"Itty and Bitty in "Cause and Effect"

!

!

LOOK OUT

SPLAT

WHY YOU—

COME ON— PUT 'EM UP!

TAKE THIS!!

SOCK

OW

GRRRR

HEH HEH HEH

HAW HAW HAW HAW HAW

HAR HAR HAR HAR

HMM

A SMART GUY, EH?

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!

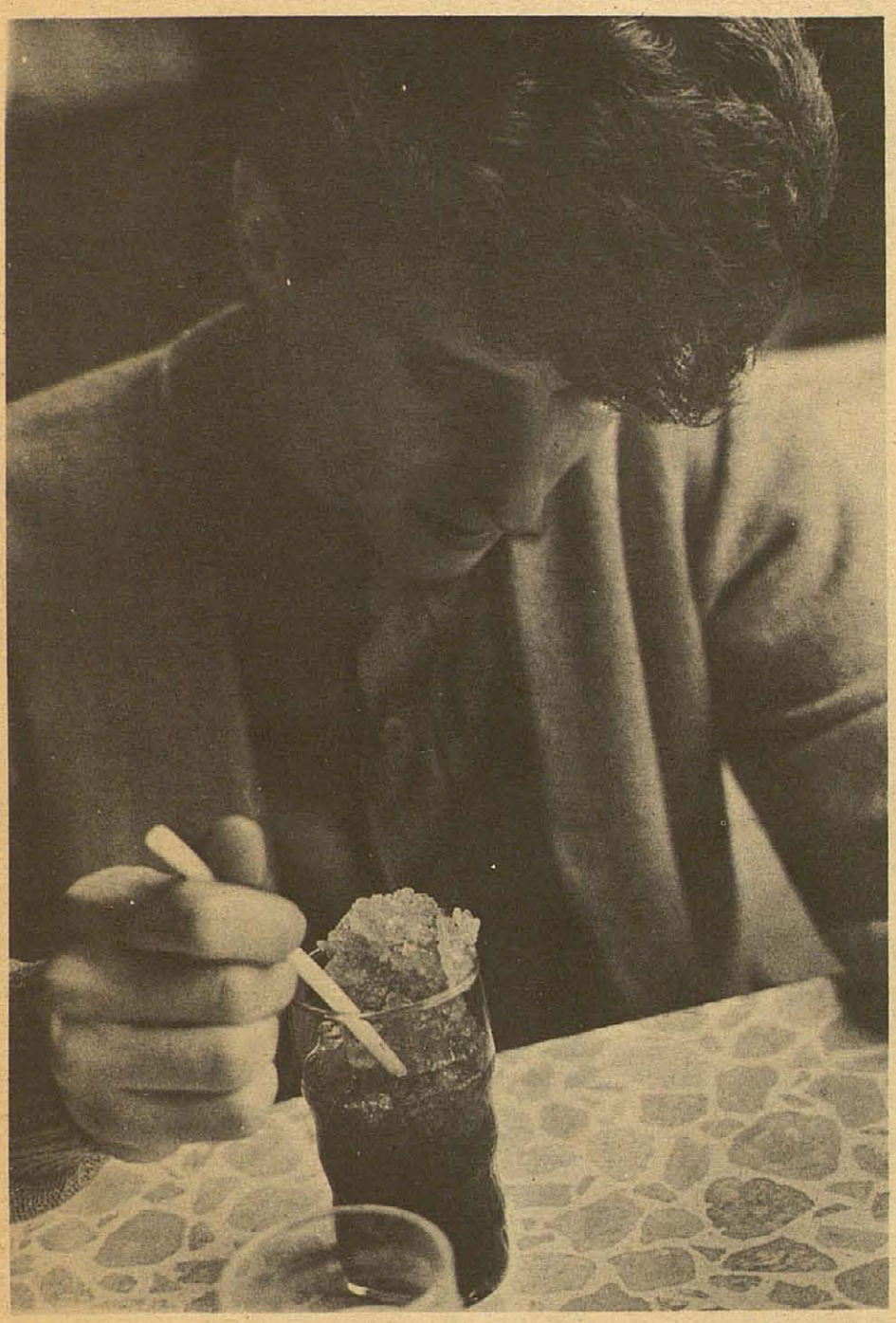
GNASH GNASH

PUNCH YA INNA—

OOPS

HEH HEH

OKAY, SEE YA... TAKE IT EASY!



THE PILL

Remember when we were in grammar school, and one by one the girls were getting 'the curse'and mothers gave a gentle rap about the miracle of childbirth and how you were preparing for beautiful womanhood. Then when we were a little older, in high school, mama's gentle rap became a hard line on chastity. Sex is bad. All the boys are out to get you. You'll get a bad reputation. You'll get pregnant. Beautiful womanhood became guarded virginity. Save it for your husband. (Maybe you do, maybe you don't.) Then, in marriage, sex is once again supposed to be a beautiful thing (if you can get over all the hang-ups forced on you before). But wait -- you're married 3 or 4 years and don't have any kids yet. What kind of sex fiends are you? You've gotta have kids. Everybody knows that. Sex is clean - Sex is dirty - Sex is good - Sex is bad - now - not now.....It blows your mind!

Well, marriage isn't everybody's bag and having children, married or not, isn't either. What are we supposed to do? Life goes on, love is all around us, and we want to be a part of it. There is no honor in a 90 year old virgin.

Since the birth control pill was developed, the most valid reason for not making love is no longer a threat. Girls are free to go with guys without having to make a life-long commitment because we no longer have to be afraid that we'll get pregnant by some guy and have to cling to him to save our 'honor' and the kid we didn't want in the first place. It also allows chicks to develop a whole new outlook on their lives by helping to break down the old standards of 'moral practice' which were based on the fear of pregnancy and doing 'bad' things. In fact, most girls today don't really think making love is bad -- but as long as we have to worry about having unwanted kids, those leftover guilt feelings are reinforced and keep girls thinking that their main purpose in life is to find the right guy, get married, and have children. Besides, making love, but pretending you don't (because you feel guilty) causes girls to work against each other. Everybody does it, but the one who gets 'caught' is looked down on and treated as an outcast.

If girls make love, they are made to feel guilty -- guys aren't. Society is set up this way and this is the double standard. With guys the line is 'it's o.k. if I screw around, but if I ever find out my girlfriend is making it with some other cat -- out she goes.' With parents it's 'if you're not a nice girl, no one will want to marry you -- so -- if we ever catch you making it with anybody -- out you go'! And schools, churches, all social institutions follow that up with all kinds of values and standards that threaten chicks -- if they don't fit in to the bullshit rules of society then they won't be accepted -- in other words -- they will be no better than trash. Of course, if a girl does get pregnant, there's always the chance that her parents can force the guy to marry her and they can pretend that everything is lily white. Sometimes a girl has to deal with the situation herself -- but all her life she's been trained to think she isn't capable of taking care of business (after all, she's only a girl) so she freaks out and things get pretty messed up.

So, it seems pretty logical that some of the problems facing chicks could be dealt with if they took the pill. That's true, but, other problems still exist. It's up to all of us to fight those ideas that keep girls down -- keep them from being free. First we have to understand that there is really no such thing as a bad girl – that term is put on people to make them conform to society's stupid rules. And, guys shouldn't look at making love as 'conquering' things. That just puts them on a superman trip, and then they can't be honest about themselves and what they really think and feel. That keeps guys from being free too -- they always have to be sure that they appear cool in front of chicks and are afraid that if the girls found out what they were really like they wouldn't dig them as much.

The parents scene is bad too. If you're still living at home you have to worry about how much they know about you life -- and for girls it's pretty hard to be honest about making it with guys (even though we think it's a perfectly natural thing to do). But that shouldn't stop you from making a decision to get the pill. In the long run, it will save you, your boyfriends and your parents from a lot of trouble and pain. They make you feel guilty because by the time you get to be 16, they haven't got any other ways to hold on to you. They're afraid you will break out and not be like them. Since the only life they know is the one they're living, any other ways of living and thinking will be a threat to them. They don't understand that unless young people start living and thinking in new and better ways, th is society will get more and more repressive and sooner or later we will have nothing to build on. We have to prove to older people that their standards are making us miserable. In the last 20 years the divorce rate has increased drastically. Too many people got married to the wrong people for the wrong reasons. Now, for the first time, kids have a chance to at least explore a while before they tie up their lives forever. Because of the pill, maybe a lot of bad marriages will never happen and with the pill, maybe a lot of good marriages will be better.

You can get the pill by going to a doctor, Planned Parenthood or to one of the clinics run by the Board of Health. All of these places give you an examination, which is important because your body goes through a lot of changes that have to be watched and dealt with. Most doctors and agencies would prefer to give the pill to married women but will give it to un-married girls if they have a note from their parents. To avoid hassles you can just say you are married.

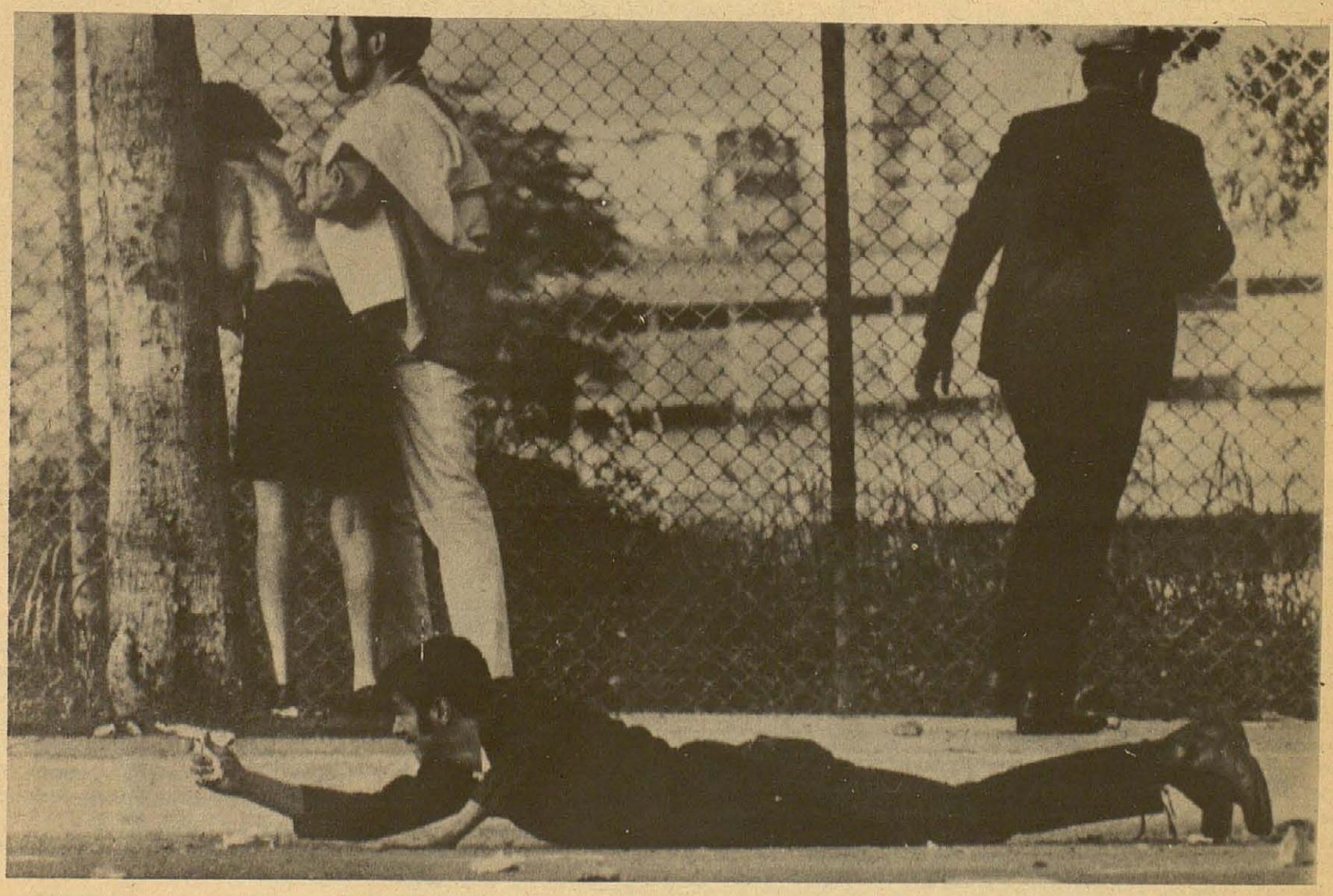
Private doctors are most expensive and you have to get the pills from drugstores that charge a wide range of prices. Planned Parenthood charges according to your income for both the exam and the pills. The Board of Health is free. (Look in the telephone book for the clinic in your area.) The first time you go to get an examination and pills will be a little scary -- especially if you're young and not married. Just don't let people get you uptight, play it cool and everything will be fine.

It isn't unusual to have some sort of reaction to the pill in the first couple of months you take it. Don't be afraid to ask questions, and call the doctor or clinic if you think you are having complications -- you may have to try out different kinds of pills before you find the right one for you.

Dig it – no pill makes you larger ... 21 pills keep you small ... and the pills that Mother gives you don't do any thing at all. Right on!

$1,000 per DEATH

"The summary of this nightmare which torments Latin America from one end to the other is that in this continent of almost 200 million human beings, two thirds of whom are Indians, Mestizos, Negroes, those who are discriminated against...in the continent of semicolonies, there die of hunger, of curable diseases or of premature old age some four persons per minute, some 5,500 per day, 2 million per year, some 10 million each five years. These deaths could easily be averted, but nevertheless they continue. Two-thirds of Latin America's population lives briefly, and lives under a constant threat of death. In 15 years this holocaust has brought about twice as many deaths as the First World War...and it still rages. Meanwhile there flows from Latin America to the United States a constant torrent of maney: some $4,000 per minute, $5 million per day, $2 billion per year, $10 billion each five years. For each thousand dollars which leaves us, one body remains. $1,000 per death! That is the price of what is called imperialism, $1,000 PER DEATH, FOUR DEATHS EVERY MINUTE!"



Latin American student shoots at Police during Rockefellers' visit.

AWRIGHT... WHAT THE HELL IS GOIN' ON HERE ?!!

On June 5 there was a riot in the stockade at Ft. Dix. One hundred and fifty prisoners burned mattresses and wrecked furniture, threw footlockers down stairs and smashed windows. The prisoners had been mistreated for a long time. There were 900 prisoners in a stockade that has a maximum capacity of 250. That's 900 brothers who don't go along with the army's bullshit. There had already been strikes in the stockade against rotten food and racist practices.

The brass responded by making conditions worse and torturing the men. On June 5 the prisoners were made to stand in formation for 5 hours. They were then marched to the mess hall and made to stand in line for dinner for an additional 3 hours. When the slop was finally served to them, almost half of the men were denied their water rations. One guy demanded his water and was put in solitary confinement. After the men were returned to the barracks they found out that the GI who demanded the water was being charged with inciting to riot. Immediately after the soldiers found out about their brother, a riot broke out in the stockade. The action lasted about three hours and wasn't put down until 250 troops came in with shotguns and gas.

This is not an isolated incident -- we've all heard about peace marchers, and people splitting to Canada to avoid the draft. What the straight papers don't tell us about is the rebellion going on inside the army. Brothers and sisters should know about what the brothers are up to on the inside. Here's a list of some of the things that have been going down.

At. Ft. Jackson a prisoner who refused to pull KP was severely beaten by three sergeants and had to be hospitalized. 150 prisoners gathered to protest the beating and asked to see the commanding officer of the stockade. The army backed down and released the prisoner.

At.Ft. Riley a guard shot a prisoner who was supposedly trying to escape. A rebellion broke out the next day when other prisoners heard that he had died. Rocks were thrown at the military pigs and two prisoners were wounded by bullets.

At Ft. Hood last summer 43 GI's refused to go to Chicago to fight their brothers and sisters in the street during the convention. There were 50,000 AWOL in the first six months of 1969. This is a 30% higher rate than last year.

There's a revolutionary spirit building. Inside the army as well as outside the army. The brass know this and they're trying to break it. The sergeant yells and screams and tells us that he will do our thinking for us. They attempt to beat us down in a whole lot of ways. We're supposed to do stuff just because the fat pig sergeant says so. But our people are a lot tougher than the government thinks we are. They can keep trying but they can't steal our minds or break our spirit. We won't become their machines. We might say goodbye to our parents and friends and sell our cars and cut our hair, but we take our minds into the army with us.

But the army is not an easy opponent. They've got a whole system worked out. They've got organization. They've got spies who trick on us, guns that shoot us, and stockades that imprison us. What can one person do against all that? Not much. So we begin to get together. We put our heads together and we put our bodies together. We act together and we build our own organization. Legal defense for everybody. Newspapers to spread the word about what's happening. Riots, rebellions. The more we get together the more ways we think of to survive the two-year prison terms. Survival means fighting against the way the government messes us around and used us to mess up other people. The fight is just beginning, but we're smart and we're tough and most of all we're fighting for something we believe in. Say it loud: FTA (fuck the army).

ALL POWER TO THE GI'S WHO
TURN THEIR GUNS AROUND!!

LATE NEWS LATE NEWS LATE NEWS LATE NE

Late News from the Northside:

Pigs at Foster Ave. Station (20th District), found out last week that the people are still watching them. A few years ago, 75 cops were transferred out of the district after 300 people marched on them protesting police brutality. But the shit hasn't stopped. The other night some 20th district pig hit a pregnant woman. So 30 or 40 guys showed up to deal with this situation. The pigs tried to ignore them. But the brothers from North Shore, TJO, and C&D said they would just stay till something happened. The pigs decided that many guys might cause a little trouble, and they ought to talk it over after all. We'll just have to see what happens to the one who hit the woman.

Late News from the Northwest side:

A couple of weeks ago, Tom Bagnul, a brother from out west on Armitage, was killed at Courtland and Whipple. He was a Bel-Air. It ain't clear who did it, but the cops sure as hell ain't doing much to get the guy who did the stabbing. They continue to build up kids frustrations, harassing them with curfew violations and the like. This is the kind of shit that causes tensions and frustrations and leads to our people -- White, Black and Latin -- taking it out on each other. This shit must stop. The pig is the enemy, not the brothers and sisters on the street.

Pigs Break up YLO March

On Friday night, July 26, the Young Lords Organization sponsored a march from Western and Sacramento down Division Street to protest the unprovoked beating last week of a Latin Disciple by the pigs. Participants in the march and rally included members of the YLO, Comancheros, Latin Kings, Horsemen and Stompers. The latter three organizations had called off hostilities to unite in the protest. Although the pigs were present in numbers and warned against violent language at the rally, no arrests were made until the marchers turned down Division on the return leg of the march.

The pigs were uptight about the crowds of people joining the march, remembering the 'Puerto Rican riot' on Division in the summer of 1966. At that point, 9PM, they pulled the squadrol up to the curb and randomly busted 13 people -- members of all the above-mentioned groups. 'Gunner', Chairman of the Comancheros, was the first grabbed, since he was directing the crowd with a megaphone. Alfredo Matias of YLO was handcuffed and kicked. In the process of the busts, the pigs jostled the bearer of the Puerto Rican flag, and the reaction of the people watching from windows was quick and loud -- pop bottles found their mark in several instances.

All 13 busted got mob action charges. Four people also got charges of assault, resisting arrest, and disorderly conduct. However, cash bond was the same in all cases - $250.

Bel-Airs President Free

Crazy Tom, President of the Bel-Airs on the northwest side, just got out of Cook County after 43 days. Crazy Tom's been getting hassled over and over by the pigs of the Shakespeare Station. It started over a year ago when Simon City and the Bel-Airs opened a club house, the Root and Branch. They opened in January 1968. Eleven days later, after three phony busts, the pigs closed the place down. Crazy Tom and Andy Biedrow (a brother recently killed in Nam), held a press conference documenting and denouncing pig harassment. The Shakespeare cops got uptight and ever since it's been yamp on Crazy Tom, Simon City and the Bel-Airs -- all the brothers. The cops then moved in on the Root and Branch with their social worker lackys, and ever since it's been controlled (with 1000 rules) by social worker Mulke. Mulke works tight with the cops, but comes on like a good guy with the brothers and sisters. But we're hip to who he's really working for. Hundreds of kids used to go to the club house. But not since the busts and harassment started. Now the place is a drag.

RISING UP ANGRY is not just a newspaper! It's a group of people who work together and back each other up. We do a lot of things together, building for the revolution. Contact us. One of us, or a whole bunch of us will get together and rap with you and your friends. We might end up doing some actions together. No place in the city is too far; it's ALL PEOPLE's TURF, and we'll come visit you, or you us. We've got films information, ideas and actions to share with you, your group, gang, club or organization. We have no office or phone of our own, but call that number and leave a message. We'll get right back to you as soon as we get it, quick. Do it!

BROTHERS AND SISTERS: We need people to help us get this far out grease-head paper to other people. Dig it! 50,000 Rising Up Angry sheets flooding the northside, westside, southside, and everywhere. Being passed from hand to hand, with words and ideas going far beyond the paper itself. Let's do it: on the streets, at the beaches, the strip, atsthe job, the hangout, the high schools and jc's. Call and leave a message at 248-2018 to find out where to pick them up.

ALL POWER TO THE BROTHERS AND SISTERS WHO LOVE THEIR PEOPLE AND FIGHT THE REAL ENEMY.

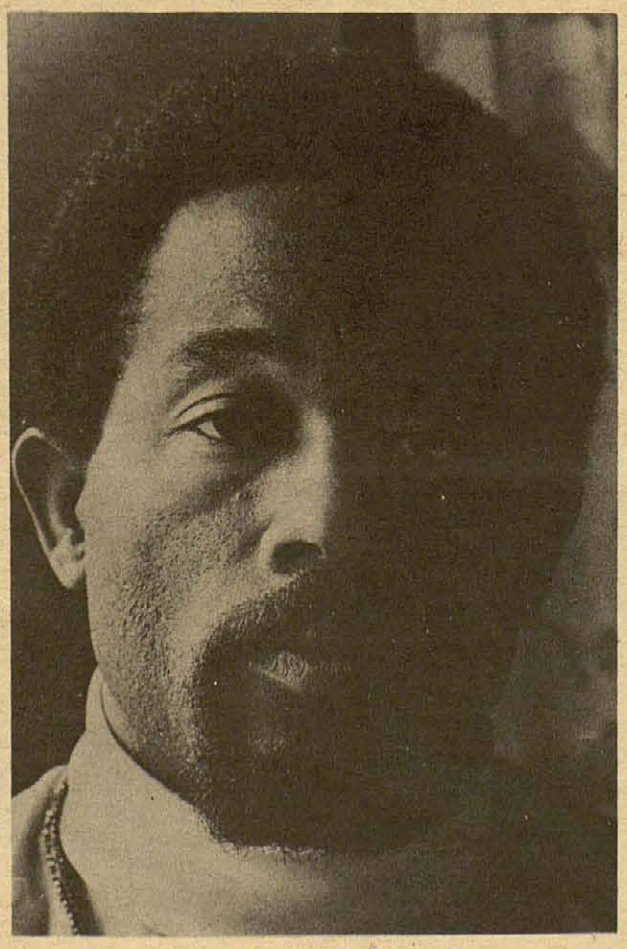
Cleaver's Coming Home

Two members of the central committee of the Black Panther Party were recently in town. Masai, national minister of education, and Emory, national minister of culture, were on their way back to the coast. They were returning from Algeria where they had seen exiled Panther minister of Information, Eldridge Cleaver. They said Eldridge is comin' back home, either legally or illegally. They also said that Eldridge wanted to do some stuff in Chicago, because of the fine work of the Illinois Chapter of the Party, and the extent of pig harassment here, such as the recent attack on the Panther office.

Revolutionary brothers and sisters everywhere in America, black and white, welcome Eldridge back, and will do whatever necessary to make it happen. He is one of the most important revolutionary figures in the country, becoming a revolutionary after 8 years in the slam for rape and dope smoking. He had to split the country when California authorities revoked his parole because he became an important political figure. But Eldridge is gonna come back home. Right on!

For those brothers and sisters out there who want to know more about him, they should check out either of his two books: Soul on Ice, or Writings Since Soul on Ice. They're fine. Like this, from Soul on Ice:

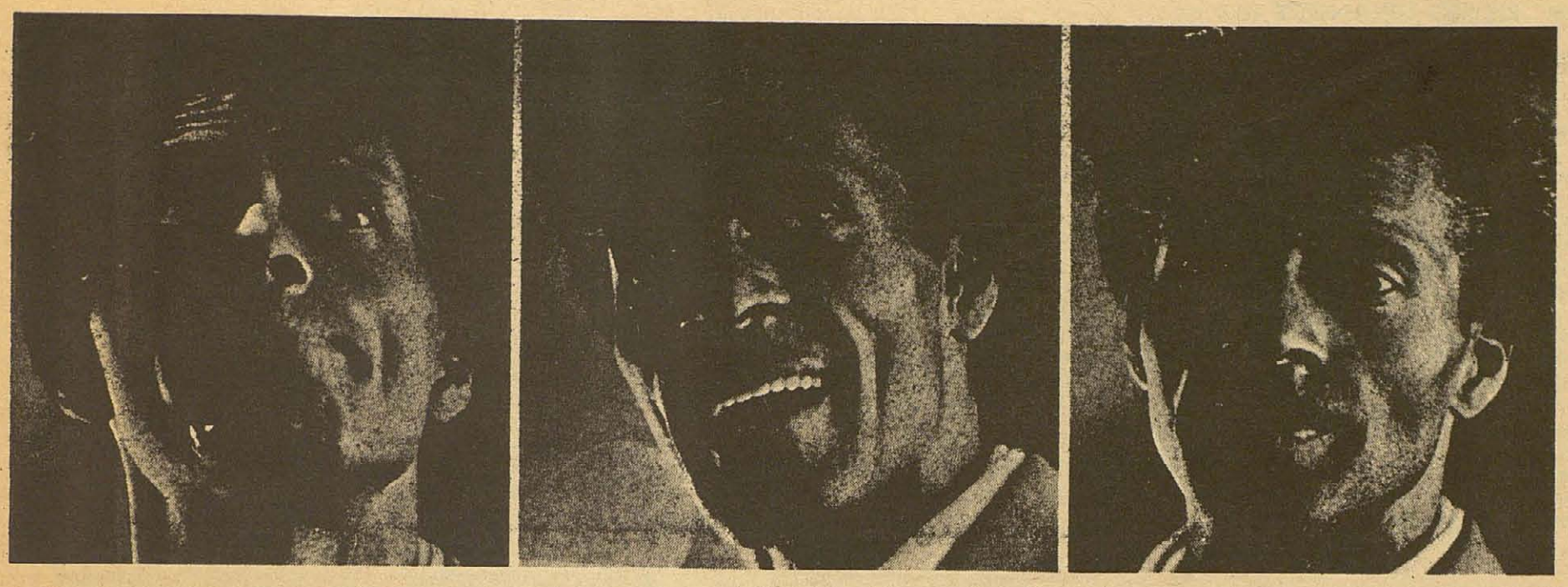
> 'Black and white, the young rebels are free people, free in a way that Americans have never been before...And they are outraged. There is in America today a generation of white youth that is truly worthy of a black mans' respect, and this is a rare event in the foul annals of American history.'



WS LATE NEWS LAT

"I DIDN'T LEAVE ANYTHING IN THAT PENITENTIARY EXCEPT HALF OF MY MIND AND HALF OF MY SOUL, AND THAT'S DEAD THERE"

ELDRIDGE CLEAVER



roll over, beethoven!

For people who missed him, too bad. Chuck Berry. was at the Aragon last week, and he was just outa sight. A lot of people say Chuck Berry is too old, too hard; they don't know if he can handle hard rock. But people don't realize if it wasn't for Berry and cat's like him most music we hear today — from head to soul — just wouldn't be where it's at.

There were quite a few young brothers and sisters at the Aragon, but most of the crowd was over 20. Young people should get hip to Berry pickin'. It was like a rock revival with Fats Domino on the bill, but not showing up 'cause his "plane was late". Chuck Berry filled in for Fats and played for almost 3 1/2 hours, and just freaked everybody out by playing all his hits. Then he took requests from the audience. Then he did his out-of-sight Berry pickin' guitar walk back and forth across the stage.

Chuck started playing guitar in high school. He bought an old Spanish guitar and eight instruction books. In 1952 he started his own combo. He became acquainted with Muddy Waters in Chicago and then recorded his first hit. It was a big hit back in 1955, and "Maybelline" still is one of the best rock songs in the history of mankind. With "Maybelline" he won Billboard's "triple award"—biggest R&B song in the nation, most played R&B song on the jukeboxes, and most played record on the nation's radio stations.

Chuck's records are bluesy and satirical. He knocked the old music bag and said that rock was here to stay in "Roll Over Beethoven". He dealt with the everyday bullshit of going to school in "School Days", where "the teacher is teaching the golden rule." He gets heavy into the hassles of family, jobs, and the army, calling it "Too Much Monkey Business". Right on.

When the British groups invaded America in 1964—with their "new" hard rock sound—most of them agreed that one of their biggest influences was Chuck Berry. Where was Chuck while the country was falling out over the Beatles and the Rolling Stones? He was doing time for bringing an underage Indian girl across the Oklahoma State Line.

THIS FALL...

action in the schools
in the streets
convention trials
lots more!
A Rising Up Angry!

RAP SHEET ON COPS

There are a lot of things about the cops that are wrong. Here are some of them:

1. Cops have authority over the people even when they (the cops) are wrong.

2. Cops can stop and frisk people whenever they feel like it. The law says they can only do this when they have probable cause, which means they have reasonable grounds to believe that a crime has been committed or is about to be committed. Too often cops stop and frisk kids with no justification. They do it for the hell of it.

3. Cops lie in court. Many are trained perjurors. Cops usually have a tight relationship with judges, the State's Attorney, public defenders (prison deliverers), and lawyers. This automatically means that in most cases trials are stacked against people before people are proved guilty. In practice the Constitutional guarantee that a person is innocent until proven guilty has disappeared.

4. Cops are in the schools. Schools are mental and physical prisons. Instead of trying to ease tensions between different racial and ethnic groups, the cops encourage these tensions, heating them up.

5. Cops harass and hassle people. They run hot checks at their pleasure, fingerprint people for misdemeanors, stop people just to get payoffs, have a quota of tickets they have to give out, work with teachers to hassle kids, make false arrests whenever they feel like it, and are evaluated for promotion on the basis of the number of arrests they make.

6. Cops harass juveniles and members of minority groups. Juveniles and minority groups are ordinary people, yet they are treated like dogs, not like citizens. We are the dogs that cops kick.

7. Cops show favoritism to rich people and rich people's kids.

8. Too many cops treat people brutally and threaten them.

9. Cops harass people who are under supervision and on parole. Once the cops get you fingered, you are a branded man.

10. Cops are the military arm (the army) of the ruling class. They serve and protect property, not people. The property they protect is owned and controlled by the rich who run this city, state, and country. What has happened is that property has come to be considered more important than people. This is wrong.

In case of unrequested dealings...

WHEN DEALING WITH COPS, REMEMBER:

The police do not serve and protect the people. Instead, they serve and protect businessmen and politicians, the rich. Recognizing the fact that our people are not businessmen or politicians, and sure as hell aren't rich, we expect that many of our people will have unrequested dealings with the cops. In case of such unasked-for dealings with the cops, here are some things to keep in mind. They are important; remember them and tell your friends and families. Cut this out and hang it where brothers and sisters will see it. Pass it around.

1. If you are stopped and/or arrested by the police, you may remain silent; you do not have to answer any questions about alleged crimes. You should provide your name and address only if requested (although it is not absolutely clear that you must do so). It is not a bad idea to give an address of some so-called "respectable person" who will cover for you, instead of your own address, if you can arrange this. Don't say anything that can be used against you. At all times remember the Fifth Amendment to the US Constitution, which says you don't have to answer on the grounds that it might incriminate you.

Remember not to be overly assertive about your legal rights, because it might lead to more trouble because of most cops' disrespect for the law. In other words, the cops have authority even if they are wrong and you are right; so BE COOL!

2. If a police officer is not in uniform, ask him to show his identification. He has no authority over you unless he properly identifies himself. Always get his badge number and his name. Unless you and the people you're with have the situation pretty well in hand, don't come on to a cop, because it only invites trouble. Save your energy for a better time.

3. Police have no right to search your car or your home unless they have a search warrant or probable cause. Probable cause means that they have reasonable grounds to believe a crime has been committed or is about to be committed; they may conduct no exploratory search; that is, one for evidence of a crime generally or for evidence of a crime unconnected with the one you are being questioned about. (Thus, a stop for an auto violation does not give them the right to make a search unless there is suspicious activity in the car.) Remember once again—do not be overly assertive about your rights. It could cause trouble for you, because even if you are within your rights, that does not mean that a police officer will respect them. So BE COOL. Technically you are not required to consent to a search, and therefore you should state clearly that you do not consent, in front of witnesses if possible. If you do not consent, the police will have the burden in court of showing probable cause. Arrest may be corrected later. But remember: the law is one thing, and what the cops do is another. Keep in mind the particular situation.

4. No matter what the situation, no matter how right you are and how wrong the cop is, it is against the law to resist arrest. To resist arrest forcibly or by going limp, even if you are innocent, is against the law. It is a separate crime of which you can be convicted even if you are acquitted on the original charge. Do not resist arrest under any circumstances.

5. If you are stopped the police may search you by patting you on the outside of your clothing. If they arrest you they can strip-search you. Technically they're not allowed to do this till they get you to the station, but how this holds up in court is unclear. If arrested you can be stripped of your personal possessions. Technically the police are not allowed to strip-search you, then arrest you, unless they have grounds. For security reasons, do not carry anything that includes the name of your employer or friends. It may be used against you or your friends later. Be cool!

6. Do not engage in "friendly conversation" with officers on the way to or at the station. Once you are arrested there is little likelihood that anything you say will get you released. When you're captured by the enemy the object is to get away. So be polite, try and get out, but once captured, don't run your mouth.

7. As soon as you have been booked you have the right to use the phone until you have completed a reasonable number of phone calls. This does not mean this right will always be granted, but it is your right. One problem might be getting money or change for the pay phone. (They usually won't give it to you.) What you want out of a call is a lawyer and money for bail. So if you aren't sure you can get hold of a lawyer, call someone you know who can make a lot of calls, telling him where you are (what district), what happened, and what you need.

8. You are allowed to hire and see a lawyer immediately. Your lawyer is allowed to be present for questioning. You had better not answer any questions until your lawyer is present. You are also allowed to have a lawyer present if you are forced to appear in a lineup.

9. You do not have to give any statement to the police, nor do you have to sign any statement you might give them. Therefore you should not sign anything except your bail bond, and that only when you are bailed out. Take the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments, because you can't be forced to testify against yourself. In other words, make no statements. You can't help yourself by talking; you can only hurt yourself. So don't!

10. You must be allowed to post bail in most cases. Bail must be fixed in all non-capital cases (those which don't carry the possibility of the death penalty). It is a good idea to be in touch with your attorney before bail is set, because very often a lawyer can influence the decision as to what bail will be set. If you're arrested at night it is usually good to wait until the next morning, when you have a chance of certain judges (better ones) setting bail. Remember, once bail is set and then paid, it is never reduced.

If you cannot pay the bail, you may request to see someone from social services. He will ask you several questions. Have clear, specific, and honest answers to questions about your addresses, employment, family, and arrest record. They'll be checked. If the interview works out, you can be released on an I Bond, which means you don't have to put up any money.

Regarding the money you put up for bail, you are supposed to get 90% of it back. If you are convicted, it can go toward paying your fine.

11. The police must bring you to court or release you within a "reasonable" time after your arrest. In Illinois, a "reasonable" time has been as much as four days, and there are still people "lost" in jails.

12. If you don't have a lawyer or don't have money to get one, ask the police to get you one without charge. You will have to qualify (prove you don't have money) to get a public defender (prison deliverer). If you qualify, you can request and get a lawyer who is not a public defender. Say you want someone from the Bar Association. Or call the Chicago Legal Defense Committee, 2156 North Halsted (929-1850).

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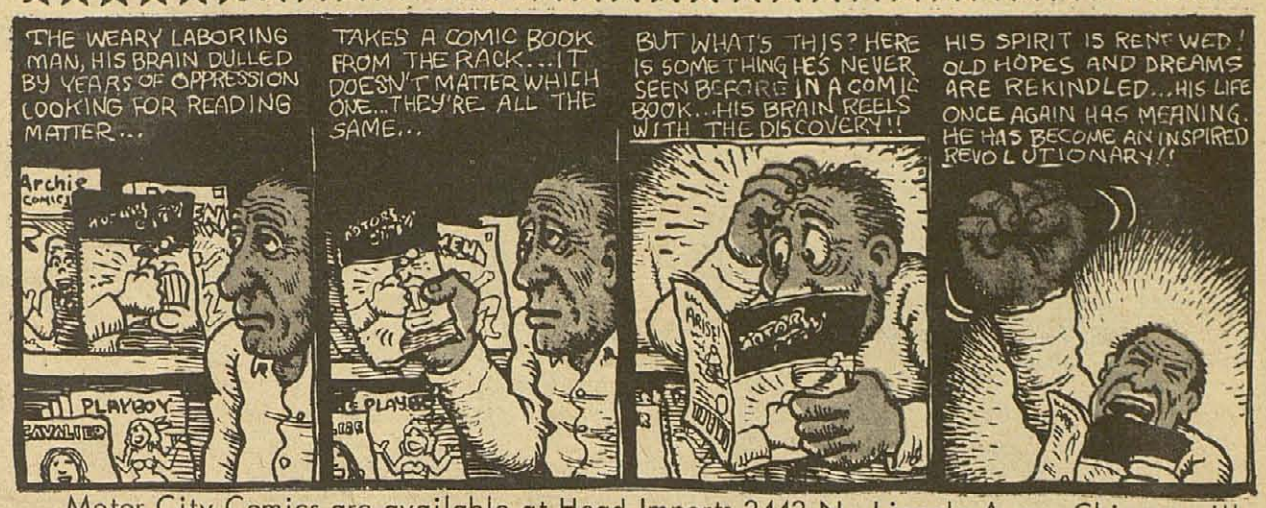
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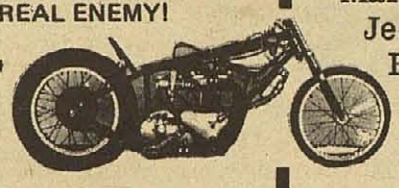

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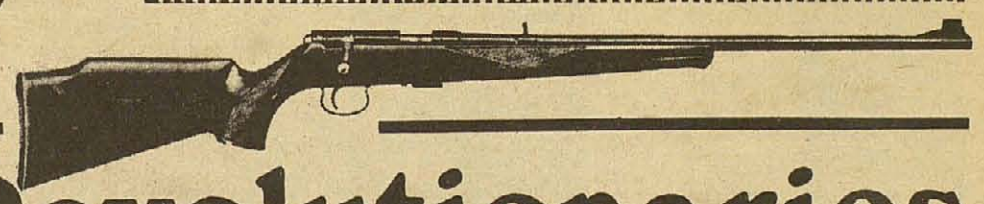

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Revolutionaries

REVOLUTIONARY QUOTATIONS FROM THE THOUGHTS OF UNCLE SAM

You are either a victim or a rebel.

Richard Wright

Let it be recorded that I was the last man of my people to lay down my gun.

Sitting Bull, 1881

We shall have our manhood. We shall have it or the earth will be leveled by our attempts to gain it.

Eldridge Cleaver, 1968

As revolutions have begun, it is natural to expect that other revolutions will follow.

Thomas Paine, 1791

It is quite certain that unless we have the female sex on our side we cannot hope to accomplish any object we have in view.

Seth Luther,
Labor organizer, 1830s

I would not be a capitalist; I would be a man; you cannot be both at the same time.

Eugene Debs, 1905

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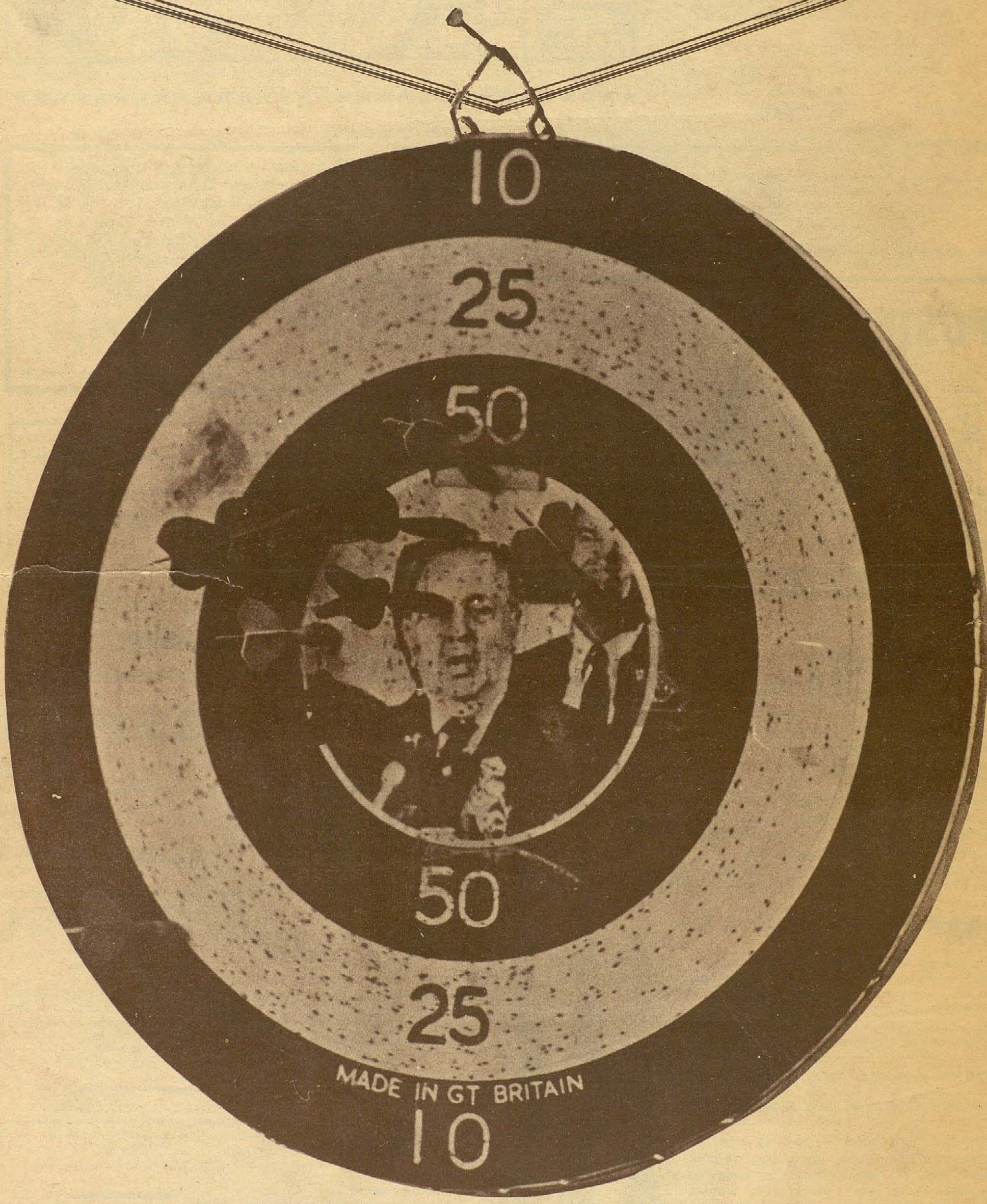
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